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ON THE GRATUITOUS ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

WE have read, or heard it said, that the excellent Chancellor d' Aguesseau conceived a project, *for the gratuitous administration of justice to the poor*. It would be a well spent hour which a man should employ in turning over the nine quarto volumes of his works, in search of the essay in which this project is set forth. We remember once to have made this search unsuccessfully; another may be more fortunate, and, at any rate, as was said by Fox to Wakefield, advising him to search the *Odyssey* for a passage, in which the note of the nightingale is described as cheerful, "if you do not find what you seek for, you will at all events find something good."

We do not perceive why the kind hearted Chancellor should have limited his benevolence to the poor. Justice is not a thing which all who can pay for it ought to buy, and which is to be given to the poor as an alms, only because they can afford no equivalent. On the contrary, it is the right of all men. The expense of distributing it is a fair charge on the public as a portion of the general cost of maintaining the government. But no man ought individually to be obliged to pay his money to be protected in the rights, which the laws give him, any more than he ought individually to pay a consideration to the legislators, who enact those laws.

It is computed that there are, in the United States of America, about twelve thousand lawyers. In the large cities, a few of these acquire great fortunes from their profession; several receive a very handsome support; many live comfortably; and as the number of the profession are constantly increasing, all must be presumed to be able to get a livelihood out of the community:—otherwise, the numbers of the profession would diminish.

Now we suppose a family cannot be supported, without manual labor, by a monied income, and in the manner in which professional

men usually live, under five hundred dollars per annum. We assume therefore that each lawyer, on an average, receives from the community five hundred dollars per annum. We are aware that many never see the color of half this sum; but on the contrary no lawyer is thought to do well who does not receive more than this sum; and as less will not support a family, and the profession, on the whole, is supported and is increasing, it follows that each lawyer must, on an average, receive thus much.

Twelve thousand lawyers at five hundred dollars each, make six millions of dollars per annum. The people of the United States then, in addition to the salaries of the Federal and State Judges of all ranks, in addition to the salaries of clerks, marshalls, sheriffs, and all other judicial officers, in addition to the cost of court-houses and prisons, juries, and the other expenses incidental to the administration of justice, pay annually *six millions of dollars* to their lawyers. This is equal to one half of the expenses of the federal government, exclusive of the interest of the debt; that is, the people of the United States, in addition to the whole expense of the judicial establishment, pay to their lawyers a sum equal to one half of the expense of carrying on the government at home and abroad, paying the army and navy, of the fortifications, of the Indian department, and of every other public establishment and institution.

But this great sum is not distributed equally over the people; it is paid by those who are suitors in the courts of justice. It is the price which those who require the interposition of the courts to protect them in their rights, pay to the lawyers in order to obtain that interposition. How numerous are these suitors? This it is not very easy to calculate. A large majority of the community never go to court. A man who should have half a dozen lawsuits in the course of his life, would be thought litigious or unfortunate. We think, then, it would not be extravagant to calculate, that not more than one in fifty of the whole population, or one in twelve of the heads of families, has one lawsuit per annum. The proportion is probably much less, but take it at one in fifty. This will give two hundred and forty thousand suitors annually in the courts of justice. And these two hundred and forty thousand persons pay six millions of dollars to have justice done them. This is in addition to their share of the expense of the judicial establishments of the general and state governments, which they bear, of course, in common with their fellow citizens. It averages twenty-five dollars per annum to every citizen who chooses or is compelled to go to court, to be secure in the enjoyment of his rights. In other words, those who want justice done them must pay twenty-five dollars each to the lawyer annually. Those whose neighbors aim to do them an injustice must pay twenty-five dollars each to be protected against these

injurious attempts. Or if a matter of a nature to be settled in the courts of law be doubtful between man and man, they must pay twenty-five dollars each to have it settled. If the whole population of this country, taken at twelve millions, were taxed, in proportion as suitors for justice are taxed to pay lawyers, they would pay annually a sum of three hundred millions of dollars, which is equal to sixty millions of pounds sterling, the whole expense of the English government for the interest of the national debt, and all its other purposes.

The suitors for justice, therefore, in the United States, besides paying their share of all the public burdens, are taxed for justice in proportion as much as the whole English people are for all the public expenses of the British government; that is, the annual sums paid by suitors for justice, if paid by each citizen of the United States, would amount to an aggregate equalling the whole expense of the British government. But the population of Great Britain is about twice as great as that of the United States; consequently, each inhabitant of Great Britain pays for the ordinary expenses of government and the interest of the debt a tax about half as great as that paid by each suitor for justice in the United States. Taking the public debt of the United States at fifty millions, the suitors for justice pay annually to the lawyers a sum which, if levied on each inhabitant, would pay off the whole debt of the country in two months, or pay it six times over in one year. If Congress, therefore, were to pass a law laying a tax sufficient to pay the whole debt, principal and interest, in two months from the time the law went into effect, they would not lay a greater burden on each individual than is laid on the suitors for justice to pay the fees of the lawyers. The entire public debt of the Revolution was about fifty millions of dollars. The suitors for justice in this country pay a tax which, if paid by the whole people, would have wiped off that debt in two months.

NULLI VENDEMUS, nulli negabimus aut differemus, JUSTITIAM, vel rectum. WE WILL SELL JUSTICE TO NO MAN. Thus saith Magna Charta, confirmed, as my Lord Coke assures us, "by thirty-two several acts of Parliament in all." It seems, however, that the people of this country do buy that justice which is to be sold to no one, and pay for it at a price, per suitor, equal to the whole taxation paid per man in that most taxed of all countries, Great Britain.

If any one think we have put the number of lawyers too high by one half, (although there are more than twice as many in Boston as our average would give,) let him make the allowance, and then the price paid by the suitor for justice will be in proportion equal to half the burden of English taxation. If any one think that instead of allowing a lawyer five hundred dollars per annum, we ought to

allow two hundred and fifty dollars only, although this sum is surely too small to represent the entire livelihood of an individual member of the leading profession, being the head of a family, let him make the same deduction. Let him make it also, if he thinks we have put the number of suitors twice too small; although we have assumed about one suitor to every twelve families. Let him make all these deductions at once, and obtain a result amounting to only one-eighth of what we have calculated, and he would get a rate of taxation on the suitors which, if assessed on each individual in the United States, would pay the national debt, supposing it to be fifty millions, in sixteen months.

Justice, therefore, in this country is bought, and paid dearly for; not by the mass in the way of supporting the judicial establishments, but by the individual suitors for justice, in their own particular cases.

But justice is a thing which must be had. The administration of private justice is that part of government which, next to the preservation of public peace and independence, goes most home to the business and bosoms of the people. They must therefore have it, at all events; and if it cannot be had without paying dearly for it, it must be paid dearly for.

But let us consider whether the expense of which we have spoken is necessary, and whether justice could not be administered without it. If we were in possession of Chancellor d'Aguesseau's plan for the gratuitous distribution of justice to the poor, we should probably find some hints toward a general plan for a gratuitous distribution of justice. In order to conceive a plan for the gratuitous administration of justice, we must consider for a moment the mode in which the present expense is incurred. Men who have important suits at law are in the practice of retaining, on either side, one or more of the ablest counsel, who are paid according to their reputation, the magnitude of the case, and the time and labor required to carry it through the courts. We shall confine our remarks, at present, to important and expensive cases, because they best illustrate the principle, and because what is true of them holds proportionally of minor causes. Now the services rendered by the counsel on both sides are not a joint effort, by which they endeavor unitedly to unravel the facts and settle the law of the case, and thus present both to the greatest advantage to the court and the jury. Were this the duty of counsel, as at present employed, and were the sums now paid them no more than the necessary compensation for such services, we should admit at once that, however great and oppressive the tax, it must be paid.

Still it is no part of our idea, in order to the gratuitous or cheaper administration of justice, that the court, or even the court and jury should, without the aid of counsel, undertake to decide doubtful

points of fact and law ; on the contrary, we admit that men of the first rate ability should be employed to prepare important cases for the court and jury, and to conduct the trial of them, and that they ought to be paid for it. But the difficulty is here. On the present system, the administration of justice is *controversial*. The counsel on either side operates *ex parte*. The lawyer aims not simply to elicit truth, but to gain his cause. He endeavors, by exerting all the powers of his mind, and applying all the stores of his learning, not to arrive at the right of the cause, but to bring off his client triumphantly. If the law is clear against him, he endeavors to draw a nice distinction. If the facts are clear against him, he endeavors to weaken their force. Where there is no doubt, either as to law or fact, he endeavors to take advantage of some technical informality in the proceedings, and this he can often do with success. The more ingeniously and more skilfully he can do all this, the more faithfully he is thought to do his duty. Now, the most that can be said in favor of such a course is, that these efforts of counsel aid the court and jury in discerning the truth, that is, on one side. All the light and assistance derived from counsel on one side, must be counterbalanced by the doubts excited on the other. The cause cannot be decided for both. It must be given for plaintiff or defendant. If the argument of the counsel for the plaintiff has been of great aid in leading the court and the jury to the opinion that the cause ought to be decided in favor of plaintiff, the argument of the counsel for the defendant, supposing him to be equally skilful, (and such in the general he will be,) must have the direct contrary effect.

It cannot promote the discovery of truth, that a man of first rate talent and learning should spend four hours in endeavoring to weaken its evidence and obscure its light. But it will be said, that when counsel, equally able, has spent four hours more on the opposite side, the evidence of the truth will be re-established, and its force felt. Granted ; but what have the counsel done ? One has built up a wall, and the other has come and pulled it down. Why does a man of common sense go to a lawyer to plead his cause ? Does he distrust his own power to tell his own tale ? No ; because after all, the lawyer himself must get his information from his client as to the facts, which the client could tell directly to the court, as well as to the lawyer. Does he go to the lawyer to get the law of the case explained to the court ? No, because the court already knows the law as well as the counsel. Does he go to a lawyer because he is afraid to trust his cause with the court unargued ? No. We venture to say, there is not a suitor of good sense in any country, where there is a respectable court, who would not be willing to go and tell his own story to the judge, and let the opposite party do the same, and leave the court and jury to settle it.

But one party employs a lawyer, because the other does. Defendant knows, that plaintiff has retained one, or two, or three of the ablest counsel in the country, to employ every art of reasoning, and every resource of learning against him. He knows, that judges and juries are men of like passions as the rest of mankind, and that the force to be applied to their minds against him, must be counteracted, by precisely the same force, to be applied in an opposite direction ; and therefore he retains as many and as able counsel on his side.

Again, in order to carry a cause through the courts, certain technical forms must be observed, with which the mass even of the intelligent portion of the community are wholly unacquainted. A man may know in general the law of the land, in which he lives, and for want of a technical knowledge of the forms, in which justice is administered, be wholly unable to right himself when injured. In some countries, this evil exists much more than in our own, and in some parts of our own, it is much greater than in others. It is however, in every part of the civilized world so great, as to make it utterly impossible for any man, not a lawyer, to procure justice for himself in a court of law, without legal advice and professional aid.

It has been a general complaint, in all countries, that the lawyers have rendered these forms unnecessarily numerous and complicated, with a view to retaining the monopoly of the administration of justice in their hands. It was so much so in Rome, that one of their number, who, treacherous to his fraternity, published the register, and thereby facilitated the access of suitors to the courts, was thought to have made an era in the administration of justice. In England, it was among the oppressions of William the Conqueror, that he ordered all the pleadings to be in a language, not understood by the people. It was then, according to Hume, that "law became a science, which at first fell into the hands of the Normans, and which, even after it was communicated to the English, required so much study and application, that the laity in those ignorant ages were incapable of attaining it, and it was a mystery almost solely confined to the clergy and chiefly to the Monks." Under the Commonwealth we are informed, that the judicial proceedings were ordered to be in the English tongue. The lawyers objected, because they could express themselves more concisely in the old law language, and in 1730 every lawyer in parliament, voted against the English law-bill.

We do not deny that business ought to be transacted in the courts, according to certain forms, that a certain technical language must grow up there, as everywhere else, and that it consequently becomes necessary or highly convenient, that professional assistance should be employed, in carrying a case through the courts. We maintain, however, that these forms ought to be as simple, instead of being

as complex as possible and that the tendency ought to be to make them as intelligible, not as mysterious, as the nature of things admits.

But all history shows, that it is the natural tendency of the legal profession to increase the complexity and mystery incident to the administration of the law. And as no one, not a lawyer, can easily devise a remedy, from his ignorance of what is essential and what is superfluous, what promotes justice and what merely establishes professional monopoly, it is next to impossible that the evil should be lessened.

In saying this we cast no particular reproach on the profession of the law. It is a vice of human nature. The same thing is witnessed in every other profession and association of men, from the most powerful established church down to the humblest gild. This is more curiously illustrated in the medical profession than perhaps any other; for while the regular members of that profession are constantly waging a natural and salutary war against quacks, they employ in all their prescriptions against an unintelligible jargon and character; which is the essence of quackery.

But, as we said before, we admit, that business must be done, in the courts of law, in proper form, and that causes require to be explained to the court and jury, by counsel learned in the law—and yet, with this admission, we deny that the present controversial and *ex parte* agency of counsel is necessary.

Suppose a competent number of lawyers, designated by the Executive, or chosen by the people, receiving fixed salaries, in like manner as the judges, were appointed as solicitors for the people. As the reputation of these men and their salaries would not be promoted by increase of litigation, which, on the contrary, would bring them nothing but new trouble, they would very often, by plainly showing to a party, that the right was on the other side, dissuade him at once from an action. We do not mean to intimate that this is not often done by high minded counsel at present. We know it is. But under the present system, it is not, on the whole, the *interest* of the counsel to discourage litigation; on the system proposed, it would be their interest. In every profession, almost every man takes a bias according to interest, and most men a strong bias.

Where the action was inevitable, it would be the *interest* of the counsel, on both sides, to bring it to a close as directly as possible; to get at the truth by the shortest process. They would consequently aid and co-operate with each other; useless delay would be avoided; no advantage taken of technical informalities; no trial of strength, nor encounter of wits. In short, instead of making each other as much, they will make each other as little trouble as possible.

The number of these solicitors, attached to each court, should be regulated by the legislature, according to the amount of business to

be transacted. They might be divided into classes, according to age, or talent and learning, in order to furnish a regular school of advancement for the profession; the court to assign to each party a lawyer to manage his cause, or it might be left optional with the suitor to choose one; the court to decide from which class the counsel for a given cause should be chosen.

Under such a system, nearly all the inducements existing at present to protract suits would be removed. Counsel would be under precisely the same motives to despatch and facilitate business that courts are, and a less degree of skill and learning would be requisite to conduct a cause, because the administration of justice would not be controversial.

A state of things, such as we suppose would exist under this system, has been partially brought about, at times, under the present system, by the extraordinary vigor and acknowledged ability of a judge. We recollect when it has been currently said among us that it was not necessary to employ first rate counsel, that the court would see that the jury were not misled by able counsel on either side, and that all a man needed, to get justice, was, to have his cause managed correctly, as to the formal and business parts of it, which could be done with much less forensic talent than is now required.

The vast evils arising to the community from the low practices of pettifogging lawyers would be, to a good degree, avoided. There is a considerable number of the lower sort of the profession who live by stimulating petty actions. "It has been estimated," according to a report of a late public meeting, "that, within the last twenty years, the costs that have accrued, in suits against insolvents, have amounted to one million of dollars, which has gone principally into the pockets of the attorneys and committing officers." This, while it is adduced and serves to illustrate the existence of other crying evils, shows how strong a bribe the present system holds out to pettifogging attorneys.

The proposed system would save to the country a vast amount of mental force which is now wasted and lost. The profession of the law embraces nine-tenths of the active talent and learning applied to the conduct of social affairs. The present controversial mode of administering justice divides this force into two parts, and sets the two parties to pulling in opposite ways. Mr. Wirt exerts his brilliant powers to-day, to prove that to be true which Mr. Webster exerts his equally brilliant powers to-morrow to prove not to be true. The court is swayed one way to-day, in order to be swayed back again to-morrow; and supposing equal skill to be employed on both sides, the result will be the same as if the cause had been submitted on the evidence, without argument.

It may be thought that salaried solicitors, paid by the State, would not feel sufficient *stimulus* to do their duty. But they would have the same motives which now influence the court, and all other salaried officers. Suppose the court had the initiation of all actions, and received fees in proportion to the number of suits, and the length of time they lasted, would not the effect be ruinous? The present system, however, amounts to nearly the same thing. The services of counsel are as necessary as those of the court to the suitor for justice. He can no more do without the one than without the other; and it is the direct, immediate, pressing interest of counsel that litigation should abound. In a word, the object is to turn the operation of self-interest, which is now in favor of litigation, against it. If the plan suggested seem of doubtful efficacy, let it be remembered that the evil is of certain existence, and of enormous magnitude.

The principal alleged grievance of those who, only forty years ago, took up arms against the public peace, in this most orderly commonwealth, was the abuse in the administration of the law; and their prominent demand, a new fee-table. When Barebone's parliament raised a committee to consider of a new body of law, not a lawyer was named upon it. It was not for want of lawyers in favor of the proposed measure, for there were as many lawyers among the ultra commonwealth men at that time as there were members of any other profession, and Cromwell was against the proposed committee.

It was for a long time illegal and deemed dishonorable to take a fee in Rome. The patricians transacted the law business of their clients, with scarce any study of the law, and before an elective judge, also not a professional man. This was an aristocratical institution, as are all institutions which provide mean salaries, or none at all, for public service. They throw offices into the hands of those who do not need salaries, that is, the rich. The proposed system is free from the objection; it provides an ample salary to be paid by the State. But what would be deemed an ample salary for a solicitor for a year would not pay the fees of counsel in one great cause. We have known a fee paid in some instances, and heard of it in many others, equal to the year's salary of the Chief Justice of the United States.

It may be said, that the expensiveness of going to law tends to diminish litigation. Perhaps not. It is one of the things that kindle the passions of the suitors on each side, and thus far it encourages litigation, as high stakes encourage gambling. This argument would prove too much, and might be used as an apology for making the law much more expensive than it is. This is actually the case in England, and there the same argument is used. Cutting off a joint

of the forefinger of each plaintiff who was nonsuited would discourage litigation. But this is tyranny. As things now go men will often abandon a valuable right rather than be at the trouble and expense of a lawsuit; and this is tyranny. In England a man cannot appeal to the legislature, but with heavy expense. If it were proposed to abolish the present charges incident to presenting a memorial to the House of Commons, no doubt it would be urged that, if this were done, the house would be overwhelmed with memorials. They are presented *gratis* in Congress and all our State Legislatures, and no such evils result.

ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

THEY came to Jordan's holy flood—
 The prophet and his follower came—
 One to depart and be with God,
 One to receive his master's flame.
 Long they communed on heavenly themes,
 While visions of the parting hour
 Came o'er each soul, with shadowy gleams,
 And touched their speech with burning power.

Profoundly still the waters lay,
 Beneath the Spirit's brooding might;
 Rich, in the beams of parting day,
 Tinged deep and soft with purple light,
 The Prophet's mantle gleamed like fire—
 Then smote the stream. From the veiled earth
 The flashing waters back retire,
 Cleft by the Power that gave them birth.

So on they passed; but when they turned,
 To view the path, which faith had won,
 The waves were rippling there, and burned,
 Unbroken, to the setting sun.
 So on they passed, and twilight gray
 Her sober shade around them drew;
 Night came with stars, whose restless ray
 Dim radiance o'er their footsteps threw.

And still with fervent speech they talked,
 Of glory past or to be given;
 When sudden, o'er the path they walked,
 A lightning flash stream'd down from heaven.

A chariot of living flame
 With fiery steeds rode through the sky ;
 Far flashing on the night it came,
 Whirled past the starry worlds on high.

The mighty roar of flames sublime
 Rush'd through the agitated air ;
 And ere they gazed a moment's time
 Upon the swift, wide bickering car,
 It touched the earth—leaving the sky
 A long, long road of misty light,
 So broad and brilliant, that on high,
 The many burning stars seemed white.

It touch'd the earth and near them drew,
 And burn'd around the Prophet's frame,
 And from Elisha's wondering view
 A whirlwind caught the car of flame.—
 But as it rode beyond the sky,
 That glorious mantle dropped in light,
 Before Elisha's kindling eye,
 Instinct with all the Prophet's might.

He wrapt the robe about his form,
 And, in the Spirit of the Lord,
 With all his master's ardor warm,
 Returned to execute his word.
 Alone, he walked the same bright path,
 By faith communed with God in heaven,
 The messenger of his fierce wrath,
 Or blessed grace to Israel given.

G. B. C.

NATIONAL LITERATURE.

THAT the peculiarities which mark the literature of different nations are to be ascribed to peculiarities of national character, is so plausible a solution of a great literary problem, that it is usually assented to, without much hesitation. Yet, like many other commonly received opinions, the more it is examined the less it satisfies. The Greeks were celebrated for vivacity of imagination, warm fancies, and metaphysical acuteness ; yet their literature is remarkable for never overstepping the modesty of nature, for its simple, chaste, severe and sober beauties. The Germans, whether justly or not, have been stigmatized as a slow, dull phlegmatic people, yet their literature, that new honor of which they are so proud,

is forever touching the brink of absurdity, grotesque, extravagant, artificial, and full of sophisms and paradox. These are contradictions hard to be reconciled, yet here is nothing peculiar; the Greeks and Germans are specimens, not exceptions. Choose what nation and what literature you please, an attempt to explain the facts of the case by the theory in question, will go far to prove, that although it sounds well, it has no solid foundation. Indeed, it will not be difficult to show, on general principles, that the higher literature of a nation can have but very little connexion, and that merely accidental, with the national character.

National character is the complex result of the passions, prejudices and humors of the mass of the people; intellect has little to do with it; national literature is the embodied fancy and reason of a chosen few, raised by nature, or elevated by their own strenuous exertions above the vulgar level:—

Pauci quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

Talents are no preservative against the natural frailties of humanity. But the errors of genius are not those vulgar errors which ordinary men learn of one another, and which circulate through the world a common stock of absurdity. There is no pride like the pride of intellect; mental superiority has been found associated with most other weaknesses, but perhaps never with a servile submission to received notions and popular opinions.

Let us however avoid being led into error by ambiguity of language. The word literature is now commonly used in two very different senses; these senses are, perhaps, in many minds confounded; but they ought carefully to be distinguished by all, who undertake to speculate on this subject. There is a sort of literature, the current literature of the day, which may justly enough be considered as bearing the impress of the popular mind, because it is produced for popular use, varies daily, as popular notions vary, and by a common process of action and reaction is influenced by and influences popular opinion. This sort of literature, both as to substance and style, is subject to all the fluctuations and caprices of fashion; it accommodates itself with singular flexibility to the taste and capacity of its patrons; echoes and re-echoes, in all possible forms of repetition, the prevailing notions of the times, recommends itself by a flattery not always very delicate, and a submission to vulgar prejudice often honest, though seldom dignified. It escapes the charge of pedantry, for its authors are not commonly learned; of dullness, for it lacks depth; of being commonplace, by running into absurdity. Yet, as fashions change, it gains the fame of erudition by quoting and praising books which no one reads, and of profundity by delivering, in a mystical way, doctrines which no one under-

stands. It is limited, local, transient; in fact, only one of the ordinary luxuries of civilized life, abundantly produced, but useful only for immediate consumption; very well in its way, but too much diluted to keep long. Like the weak wines, it is seldom palatable if a year old; like small beer, it often spoils with a week's keeping. The newspapers, and the great mass of the people read little else, are nothing but waste paper the second day after they are published; the Magazines linger on, perhaps, for a month; the Reviews survive thrice as long; but within the narrow circuit of every year, what hosts of orations, sermons, and pamphlets of all sorts, poems, novels, memoirs, travels and histories, come forth in all the beauties of fair type and fine paper, flutter awhile in the sunshine of popular favor, are read, praised, criticised—and forgotten:—

“ They are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and their little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

This sort of literature, however trifling and transitory, is not without its importance. It does not appear, that in the general system of things, the tribes of annual plants, that perish with every autumnal frost, are not of equal consequence with the forests that survive a thousand winters. Yet the human mind has a natural contempt for everything that easily decays. It is so in the natural as in the intellectual world; we prize the diamond above the rose; and we read with sincere admiration only those authors who have attained, or for whom we anticipate a permanent fame. For this reason, when we speak of the literature of a nation, we must be understood to intend something lasting, solid, substantial. National literature implies accumulated treasures of poetry and philosophy; monuments of learning, and labors of science; works like the *Iliad* and the *Æniad*; writers like Plato, Cicero, and Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, uncommon for these great names to be profaned, and in a commerce of mutual flattery, to be alternately conferred on one another by scribblers.—

“ Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit,
Call Tibbald, Shakspeare, and he'll swear the nine,
Dear Cibber! never matched one ode of thine.”

But this is a sacrilege which ought carefully to be avoided. We may admire, we may praise; but time has the sole prerogative of conferring immortality. National literature is therefore a work of time, for it ought to include many productions of undeniable excellence; it must be copious and various, leaving no subject untreated, and no department of learning entirely unoccupied. The animating principle of such a literature as this, is not the breath of popular favor; but rather that deep admiration of the beautiful, that ardent

love of truth, that eager spirit of enterprize, that unappeasable longing after something higher and better than this world affords, which is continually spurring on men of great genius to great attempts.

If there be any truth in these remarks, they show the futility of that advice, which American critics are forever giving American authors. We are told that a literature truly national, truly American, must be built up, and that to accomplish this, every page must be made to smack of the national character; republicanism must peep out at every line, and the glories of popular institutions be shouted to the skies;—America must be eulogized, the enlightened, the educated, the free,—our glorious ancestors,—and our glorious selves!

Now all this answers very well in Fourth of July orations, Phi Beta addresses, or speeches at political or complimentary dinners. But suppose, that like Milton, I wish to write “such a poem as posterity would not willingly let die,” or, like Thucydides, I desire to compose a history, that shall be *κτῆμα εἰς αἰὼν*, “a possession for eternity,” what is all this declamation to me? It may tickle the ears, and delight the fancy of my contemporaries, but will it pass current ten centuries hence? The Republic may then be in the dust, those who founded it, and those who destroyed it alike forgotten; or if remembered,—remembered only because some allusions to them obscure the works of the poet, or because the historian has made their actions the text, from which he delivers lessons in human nature and the art of government. The present, with the mass of men, fills up the whole circle of vision. What has been is not inquired; and he who does not know the past can form no rational judgment of the future. Those who find themselves for a moment at the top of the wheel, fondly conceive that at length the revolution of things stands still. The favorites of the hour, “the little great men of the day,” all fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher and poet are shouted in their train. Where was there ever so much merit seen? No times so important as our own; ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause!* But with all this clamor of mutual congratulation, generation after generation descends into oblivion; the flatterers and the flattered, the applauders and the applauded are forgotten together; while those only have a chance to be remembered, who have endeavored to embody in their writings those great, universal and invariable principles of truth and beauty, which strike and please alike at all times and in all places.

The self-constituted gentlemen-ushers of American literature have proceeded, with utter contempt of these doctrines, to lay down two rules, to which, under penalty of their high displeasure, and also of

* Goldsmith's Essays. The Bee, No. vi.

forfeiting his national character, every American writer is called upon, unconditionally, to submit. These rules demand, in every American work, a copious admixture of American peculiarities, and a uniform selection of domestic topics.

Philosophy, she who searches after universal truth, and strives to grasp the essential nature and first principles of things, cannot certainly be expected to submit to critical enactments which would limit her range or shackle her activity. She who delights to destroy unessential distinctions, to dissipate prejudices, and to lay bare the links which bind the world together, will never consent to humor the favorite follies of any nation, or talk the cant of any age. This is so very clear, that perhaps the limitary decrees of our literary dictators were originally meant to extend only to the poetical department of literature. But beauty, that which fills the mind with admiration or delight, and which is the foundation of all poetry, is in its nature, as universal as truth itself; and as far as it is combined with what is local and peculiar, is, in the same degree, dimmed and obscured. Sir William Jones assures us, that when the student of the oriental languages has mastered all the difficulties of grammar, and made himself familiar with the meaning of words, he has accomplished but half his task; before he can understand or enjoy the poets of the East, he must, as it were, educate himself anew; acquire entirely new trains of associations and sets of ideas; acquaint himself with all the traditionary stories, and proverbial wisdom, the prejudices and peculiarities of the orientals. A Persian critic might, perhaps, make similar remarks on European literature; but will any one pretend that writers, whether oriental or occidental, are to be applauded for wrapping up in the disguise of peculiar and arbitrary allusions truths, which, if plainly shown, would instantly convince every mind, and sentiments which, if simply expressed, would at once reach every heart? It is true, that no author writes without allusion to local and temporary peculiarities, but those who think that in these allusions all the beauty of writing consists, resemble that sect of philosophers who concluded, because the mind conceives only by ideas of external things, that there are no external things at all, and that all existence is merely ideal.

What are called national peculiarities are, in fact, only the peculiarities of the unpolished and uneducated. The gentlemen of all countries, the scholars of all countries, except in a few unessential trifles, are perfectly alike. Men of genius are, for the most part, not less remarkable for the liberality of their minds than the vigor of their intellects. "I am a citizen of the world," said the Greek philosopher; and every man who feels himself at all raised above the common level will be inclined to claim a similar citizenship. Such men will scorn to have their views and affections limited by the im-

aginary lines of geographical boundaries. Nor does the restriction of American writers to domestic topics seem at all more reasonable. Domestic topics are few, narrow and barren. This is alike the case in every country. One would think that the various and intricate history of Italian revolutions might furnish ample materials for poetry. Yet it was not there that either Tasso or Ariosto sought subjects. The one chose for his hero a French knight; and the other, a knight who never existed but in romance. Milton, so far from feeling himself limited by the narrow bounds of England, or obliged to minister to any national prejudice, boldly penetrates chaos, and heaven, and hell—

And justifies the ways of God to man.

Spencer found heroes and adventurers in fairy land, and Shakspeare himself borrowed the plots of almost all his best plays from the stores of foreign fiction. This is what might be expected. Poetry delights to produce something higher, better, nobler,—something more grand, beautiful and impressive, than what we meet with in every-day life. The poet's eye rests not on any mere terrestrial object; it glances from heaven to earth, and again from earth to heaven. What is domestic is familiar; and what is familiar has little power to astonish or delight. Poetry, therefore, either creates regions and beings of its own, or else, by laying its scenes in foreign lands or distant ages, seeks a liberty of ornament and exaggeration which no domestic subject would permit.

How much better claims than the poets of Italy and England have American writers to this indulgence! What effort of genius can breathe the least spirit of poetry or romance into the dull, cold, calculating prudence of American life? Thrift,—thrift is the characteristic of our people. "Provision," says Sir Philip Sidney, "is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift is the jewel of magnificence." No doubt; so they are. But we have hitherto been content with collecting the jewel, and laying the foundation; we have yet scarcely attempted to kindle the flame, or erect the structure. A great deal of the spirit of the American character may be seen in Franklin's Essays, a book deservedly of much reputation, but which no one reads without feeling all that is generous and noble, every flash of enthusiasm, and spark of rapture, die away within him.

Prudence, discretion, sobriety, are qualities, whether of a nation or an individual, much to be approved. But what we approve we do not always admire. Who does not praise the calm quiet and rural peace of a country village? Yet who will deny that the noise, parade and show, the gay follies and splendid vices of a great city strike the imagination much more forcibly?

The usefulness of American history, life and manners, for all the purposes of literature, is so well displayed by a writer whom expe-

rience has made wise, that I shall insert a long quotation without apology. "The second obstacle," says Mr. Cooper, "against which American literature has to contend, is in the poverty of materials. There is scarcely an ore which contributes to the wealth of the author that is found here in veins as rich as in Europe. There are no annals for the historian; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and commonplace) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance; no gross and hardy offences against decorum for the moralist; not any of the rich artificial auxiliaries of poetry. . . . I very well know there are theorists who assume that the society and institutions of this country are, or ought to be, particularly favorable to novelty and variety. But the experience of one month in these States is sufficient to show any observant man the falsity of their position. . . . I have never seen a nation so much alike, in my life, as the people of the United States, and what is more, they are not only like each other, but they are remarkably like that which common sense tells them they ought to resemble. . . . There is no costume for the peasant, (there is scarcely a peasant at all,) no wig for the judge, no baton for the general, no diadem for the chief magistrate. The darkest ages of their history are illumined by the light of truth; the utmost efforts of their chivalry are limited by the laws of God; and even the deeds of their sages and heroes are to be sung in a language that differs but little from a version of the ten commandments. However useful and respectable all this may be in actual life, it indicates but one direction to the man of genius."* And what is this direction? Why, undoubtedly, that direction which necessity has ever pointed out to genius and enterprise; that direction which our Saxon and Norman ancestors followed, when they left the swamps and forests of the North for richer lands and a more genial climate. We are under no obligation to sit down content with the narrowness of our heritage. What cannot be found at home, may be sought abroad. The literary adventurer, without crime, may load himself with the spoils of every country, and rifle the treasures of every language. Let not him, who desires real and lasting fame, seek inspiration from transient and local excitements. Sound learning, a wide and comprehensive view of things, that calm and steady courage, which, despising the follies of fashion and the clamor of dunces, moves cheerfully and composedly forward to the accomplishment of its objects;—these are the qualifications for literary greatness. P. Q.

* Cooper's Travelling Bachelor, vol. ii. p. 103.

MORNING.

MORN is upon the mountains. The grey rocks
 Catch its first tint, and, through the moss that veils
 Their wrinkled brows, smile as when erst the stars
 Together sang, at young Creation's birth.
 The gale awakes, and the tall pines bow down
 To its soft visit, while the umbrageous oaks
 Spread their broad banners, and each leaf doth lift
 Itself, as for a blessing. Up the trunks
 Of the lithe willows goes a rustling sound,
 The leaping rills shed music, and the groves
 Pour from their thousand nests a chirping hymn.
 High through the azure floats the warbling choir
 On the bright pinions, and glad Nature's voice
 Like the clear horn amid the Alpine hills
 Is *praise to God*, at this blest hour of morn.—
 —Morn cometh to the cottage. Thro' its door
 Peep ruddy faces. Infant mirth breaks forth.
 The fair young milkmaid o'er the threshold trips,—
 The squirrel leaps,—the shepherd's dog attends
 The bleating flock, the joyous lamb sports gay
 In innocent pastime, and the healthful swain
 With rustic carol bathes his glittering scythe
 Among the tears which the shorn grass doth shed.
 Joy breathes around, while Health with fragrant lip
 And cheek embrown'd, and industry in song
 Of merry chorus hail the king of day.
 —Morn cometh to the city. See how slow
 Its ponderous limbs unfold. On the hot sand
 Thus the gorg'd Boa from some heavy feast
 Uncoils his length. Heaven's smile is on those spires,
 But the sweet bells, and organ pipes, and hymns
 Of loud response are silent. Flame hath fallen,
 Wherewith to kindle incense, but man locks
 The altar of his soul, bartering for sleep,
 What Esau sold for pottage. Gilded domes
 And marble columns sparkle to the sun,
 But not like Memnon's heedful statue breathe
 A gratulating voice. Aurora comes
 Lightly pavilion'd on a purple cloud:
 Sworn worshippers of beauty, where are ye?
 Look! Egypt's queen came not so daintily,
 When on the Cydnus her resplendent barge
 Left golden traces. But your eyes, perchance,
 Blear'd with false splendors of some midnight hall,

Do shun the day, and 'mid the pillow's down
Plunging your face, ye lose this glorious sight.
—Hark!—life doth stir itself. A cry is heard
From those who tempt the palate, while the sons
Of recreant Israel in shrill tones extol
The threadbare garment, fain to tempt the crowd
As with Iscariot's kiss.—

—The dray horse bows
Beneath his load, eying with quivering limb
The tyrant lash. The crippled beggar takes
His daily stand,—he, who perchance hath grac'd
Some light-heel'd revel of the parted night.
—Wan Sickness too hath wak'd and watch'd for dawn,
Marking with groans the tardy pace of Time.
—Sorrow and Want to their sad vigils creep,
Gaunt Avarice prowls,—but where are Wealth and Power,—
The deep-indebted, and the high endow'd?
From their own plenitude disease hath sprung:—
And Lethargy enchains them, when the soul
With her fresh waking pulse should worship God.

L. H. S.

Hartford, Conn.

THE DOWNER'S BANNER.

THE battle of Lexington was over, and the enemy in full retreat. Their march, which had begun with the coolness and order of veterans, was sharpened into double quick time; till at length, "*sauve qui peut*" became the order of the day, and retreat was changed to flight. And reason was there for their haste. From every copse of bushes, every house and barn, blazed the avenging guns of the men whose homes they had violated; and every rod of the ground they had traversed was wet with the expiating blood of Britons. They felt more than a common fear of their fierce pursuers. Conscience told them the injustice of their cause, and admonished of the kindred blood that had been that day wantonly shed. There existed no war. The fourth of July 1776 had not yet come, and the gauntlet of defiance was not yet thrown down. They had entered the bosom of a peaceful land, like wolves; and like wolves, they fled at the voice of the shepherd. There had needed but this impolitic step to sever the colonies forever from their allegiance. That step was taken. The torch of war was lit, and it was for Britain to quench it as she might.

Wounded as many were, and fatigued as were all of the invading party, it was obvious that they would follow each other, like the Curiatii, at considerable intervals, and as their strength permitted. Thus, while some companies were entering Boston, and felicitating themselves on their escape, others were still ten miles back, dragging themselves on through the fire of their merciless enemies. It was only on occasions when attempts were made to intercept their progress that the British veterans did anything like justice to their high reputation. Then, charging with the fury of despair, they broke their way with such tremendous havoc, that the provincials would rarely venture again to dispute the road. Whenever it happened, however, the glitter of the British muskets as they made the preliminary movements of 'ready' and 'aim,' was generally sufficient to clear the way without having recourse to the third order.

At length they reached a spot where, from appearances, there had been a fierce struggle. At the foot of a long hill, piled upon each other in dust and blood, and in the sloughs on either side of the way, lay more than sixty slain who wore the livery of the British king.

At this' dreadful sight, our fugitives halted, and looked wildy at each other, and then desperately rushed up the hill. To their great joy, on another hill, one mile ahead, they descried a column of their troops just disappearing in a thick wood through which the road passed. But scarcely had they made this observation, when the wood was lighted with the blaze of three hundred muskets, and, the next moment, as many men sprung into the road, and with loud cries the whole vanished down the opposite declivity, 'pursuers and pursued.'

Here then, was a case of new difficulty for our heroes. Hundreds of enemies were between them and the main body of their troops, and to effect a junction with them was therefore next to impossible.

It wanted but a few minutes to sunset, on the day already quoted, when two men apparently much fatigued, threw themselves on the bank of a brook, several miles south of the Boston and Lexington road. The young grass afforded them a grateful couch, and the free waters of the brook, swollen to the green brim, went joyously on its course to the sea. A small grove of oaks, round the eastern skirts of which the brook wound its way, showed as yet no symptoms of awakening vegetation. Apparently unconscious of the mystic agency which had already called forth from the ground humble but beautiful signs of life, the setting light of day streamed through their bare and rugged branches coldly as winter. But nature was at work, in the air and in the earth; and the sap was concocting, and flowing upwards, like life blood, into those gigantic vegetables;

just like the revivifying spirit of freedom, which, however invisible and mysterious its course, was then flowing from the same maternal earth into the heart of every son and daughter it reared and nourished. The spot here described was not so far from the Lexington road but that, at intervals, the sound of cannon and heavy volleys of musketry would reach it upon the evening breeze, announcing that the pursuit was not yet over; but they produced no effect upon the men who rested by the brook. Their whole appearance bespoke extreme fatigue and exhaustion. Their guns and accoutrements were thrown carelessly down, as if, like the heroes of sacred writ who smote their enemies till their hands clove to their swords, they could no longer handle them. Their hands and garments bespoke the bloody work in which they had been engaged. Both were men of extraordinary size and wore the common dress of American farmers. But in one, who was a fine youth of some five or six and twenty years, the strength was distributed so justly throughout the whole frame that one was at a loss whether to pronounce him an Apollo or a Hercules. His features too, though now haggard with fatigue, were noble and expressive of great decision; and his large black eye, as he lay extended on his back, was turned to the evening sky with a light in them that seemed unquenchable. His companion, however, was built entirely after the Egyptian order, altogether for strength and durability. Somewhat older, and some inches shorter than his companion, he was nevertheless much heavier, his body being throughout of the same size like a rice cask, save when his shoulders spread almost to the magnificent dimensions of Paddy Carey.* His head was strictly Bœotian, his dress coarser than the other's and his *tout ensemble* bespoke a person two or three notches lower on the graduating scale of society. Thus they lay by the brook, too much fatigued even for conversation; and it was now dusk and the frosty dews of an April evening were falling, when a faint sound came from the west, like a distant volley.

'Did you hear that, Joab?' said the youth, starting to his elbow, 'it is some of our folks returning to the valley, and just letting off their guns, by way of rejoicing.'

'Our people are neither knaves nor fools to burn powder for nothing after such a day's work, and when we are likely to need every kernel we have.'

'But that firing was at the valley, that's sartain,' said Joab, rolling over like a huge ox and getting up.

'There's no denying it,' said the other, rising also, and collecting his arms, 'there's no denying that; and there is the mystery. However, gather up your accoutrements, and we will soon know what it means.'

* "His brawny shoulders four feet square." *Old Song.*

A cloud of smoke, at this moment, rose from behind the trees in the west. 'Hasten, Joab!' cried Edward, leaping the brook, and striking into the grove already noticed. Joab followed with a bound that made the bank shake again, and both vanished among the trees.

'Now we breathe again,' said Lieutenant Eglestone, as, after a skulking march of half an hour through the pines, his party emerged into a road.

'Whew!' said Gordon, wiping his fiery countenance, and fanning himself with his cocked hat, 'tis very hot.'

'Well, here you can cool at your leisure,' said Eglestone, 'see, no traces of fight—no signs of the enemy—men all out on the Lexington road—nobody at home to entertain us but the women.'

'*Vive l'amour*,' shouted Gordon, springing from the fence where he had seated himself, 'let's be moving.'

You would hardly have known them for the same men, who an hour before were running before the enemy. The craven fear which had driven them from Concord, was supplanted by a feeling of security; and they soon waxed bold enough to resume those acts of wanton depredation, which had already stamped them infamous. Here was not the freezing solitude of Concord, for the women and children saw them from their doors and windows, and shrieked and fled. Nothing raises the courage of cowards so much as the shrieks of helplessness. They followed with loud shouts, entered the houses, dashed the windows and furniture, pricked the children with their bayonets, and chased the shrieking women from cellar to garret.

Sunset brought them to the entrance of a considerable valley, through which in beautiful meanders glided a small stream of water. At the farther end of the valley rose a village spire, and some dozen or twenty chimnies; and nearer, on a little eminence, stood an elegant white house by itself. The buildings they had passed during the last hour, had all been of the common order of farm houses, of that period; long, narrow buildings, facing the south, sometimes two stories in front, but invariably one in the rear, where the roof approached within a few feet of the ground, to serve as a barrier against the strong northwesters. They had found little in buildings of this sort worthy a gentleman's pocket or knapsack, as Gordon expressed it. But this looked encouraging, and cupidity was on tiptoe. Large and square, it rose in the centre of the valley, with a certain aristocratical air, closely associated in the minds of our heroes with rouleaus, caskets, and chests of plate. The stream wound gracefully round the little knoll on which it stood, fringed with willows, now in the first yellow dress of spring; and extensive gardens and orchards in the rear, and ornamental trees and shrubbery in front, suggested

to the imagination what might be the charms of the place a month later.

Colonel Downer, the owner of 'The Willows,' as this seat was called, was a gray headed veteran of the French wars. He had been at the taking of Louisburg, had bled with Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, and had been fellow soldier of Amherst throughout his brilliant career of victories; thus helping to win an empire for the unnatural mother who was now inflicting such deep wrongs upon her offspring. The natural influence of service and reward had attached him warmly to the British arms and numerous officers in the army. He bore the commission of the British king, and, in a just cause, would have cheerfully died in his service. But he was an enlightened and a high-spirited man, and knew right from wrong; and moreover he loved his own willows more than the whole island of Britain. Thus, while he might still have held his commission as a king's officer, he chose rather to be denounced as among the most violent of the rebels of Massachusetts Bay. That he deserved such a character from the British authorities, he had that day proved. He had led forth a hundred men to pursue and harass the enemy, on their retreat from Concord, and had continued the pursuit till he reached the banks of Charles river. At the time when Egglestone's party came in sight of the Willows, Col. Downer, accompanied by a few of his neighbors, had just returned from the field, having left his son with the men of the valley, still in pursuit of straggling parties of the enemy.

Late in life, Col. Downer had married an amiable lady, who had been deceased many years, leaving him only this son and a daughter. To all appearance, Isabella Downer was as gentle a daughter of Eve, as ever wept for joy or sorrow. But few can tell the might that is hidden in the deep soul of woman, or what she will dare when pressed by the master passions of love or revenge. An angel of peace and love, as she is, when the sunshine of honor is coming in upon her heart, the page of history bears record that she can revenge. If subsequent events should reveal a passion like the last in Isabella Downer, in justice, we must say, that it had never yet showed itself; and that its exhibition, at any period prior to the date of this narration, would have caused as much surprise, as lightning from the unclouded sky. Spirit she did not lack, but this and other sterner qualities which she inherited from her father, lay dormant in the hidden depths of her soul, and over them flowed, bright and perennial, the angel virtues of her mother. Such was the being who now met the old man at the door, and would have fainted in his arms for very joy of his safe return, had not tears come to her relief.

'Bless thee, my child!' said the Colonel, 'thou hast had a dreary time of it.'

Dreary indeed, and long were the hours she had spent listening to the din of battle, as it rolled along the distant horizon like the muttering of a storm, ignorant of the fate of those dearest to her.

'Edward? father;' said the anxious girl.

'He is safe, we are all safe,' said he, 'and, thank God, this valley is yet holy ground; for dreadful things have been done upon the Concord road.'

Alas! even then the serpent was entering his paradise. Unfortunately for Col. Downer, his friends after partaking of some refreshment, had been gone long enough to reach the village, and he had but just time to hurry the fainting Isabella to an upper chamber, and to plant himself at the head of the stairs with a loaded pistol in each hand, when the band of ruffians burst into the hall.

'God save king George,' shouted Eglestone.

'God save king Cupid,' cried Gordon.

'*Vive l'amour!*' shouted two or three at once, springing to the stairs; but at sight of the menacing figure of the Colonel they recoiled.

'What is your pleasure?' the old gentleman calmly demanded.

'Oh, we have only a curiosity to inspect your chambers,' said Gordon, with the affected *non chalance* of a bully.

'A fine house you have here, old gentleman;' and he again put his foot on the stair, but the click of the pistol, as the Colonel cocked it, made him spring several paces backward.

'If booty is your object,' said the Colonel, 'you will find enough to satisfy you below: take it, and depart, in God's name; but on your lives, attempt not to mount these stairs.'

'And have you no choice jewel stowed away above?' said Eglestone.

'None, upon my honor;' said the Colonel, interpreting him literally.

'Your honor!' said Gordon, with a sneer; 'honor on this side the water!' and a brutal peal of derision rang through the hall.

'Eglestone,' cried Gordon 'on! on! by St. George, the prize shall be mine.'

'Hold!' shouted Downer desperately, 'he that first plants foot on the step dies.'

The men again hesitated, but from their intelligent looks it was evidently not now altogether from fear. The colonel suspected he knew not what, and looked behind him. A few paces in his rear was a door, and a soldier, who had slyly ascended the back stairs was cautiously opening it. With a shout that shook the house, the whole band sprung forward. Rendered desperate, the colonel discharged a pistol to the right and left, and the body of Eglestone rolled down the stairs. A shriek burst from an adjoining apartment; but before

he could reach it; a dozen muskets cracked after him, and he fell dead before the door. * * * *

Just as Edward Downer and Joab Fisher were passing from the fields into the road, Gordon and his men came in sight round an angle in the highway, made by the projection of a hill. 'There they are! a dozen of them,' said Joab in an alarm-whisper, instinctively squatting behind the high stone wall that fenced the road, and pulling Edward down beside him.

'Ay,' muttered Downer, between his teeth, 'they have been on some foul errand, for they come like fellows just broke from the scaffold: but there is justice in store yet.' As he spoke, he cocked his piece and applied the muzzle to a hole in the wall.

'What would you do?' said Joab in the greatest alarm; (for Edward was already taking deliberate aim at a face that blazed before these men of war, like a fiery meteor)—'what would you do, master Edward? why, they are more than six to one of us.'

'You are right,' said Downer, slowly relinquishing his purpose, 'but I would have given a trifle to have taken the color out of that fellow's face; for, depend upon it, there has been something wrong done at the valley.'

By this time Gordon and his company, who really travelled at a prodigious rate, had vanished round another corner, and Downer was mounting the wall, when the heavy hand of Joab was again laid on his shoulder.

'Down again for your life!—there are two more!' said Joab, pulling him into their former position.

'Only two?' exclaimed Edward, then, by heaven, they are ours, and vengeance is not too late.'

Joab deliberately took off his hat, dropped on one knee, and brought his piece to a convenient loop hole in the wall.

'What are you at?' said Edward—you do not think I am going to lay an ambuscade for two men?'

'They are just fit to be shot down like crows in a corn field,' said Joab, bringing his piece up again, and squinting along the barrel while he cocked it with his left hand, 'You take the off one, I—'

'I am not thinking what is fit for them, but what is fitting for Edward Downer,' replied the youth in a low but peremptory tone. 'Up, and hold your own, Joab; for we must face them like men.'

The mighty Joab made some grumbling remonstrance, but held himself in readiness to obey the word of command. The stragglers, who were no other than sergeants Flint and Grimes, were marching at a sharp pace, when two bristling bayonets, attached to as many gun barrels, and followed by the heads, arms, and shoulders that governed them, rose from behind a wall just three rods in front of

them, accompanied by a stern summons to surrender. Our heroes, as may be well imagined, were taken all aback, as they say at sea; but one of them, Flint, who, when hardly rubbed, would show sparks of mettle, found his tongue very quick to give as stern a refusal; and levelling their pieces, both parties fired. Grimes and Joab Fisher fell. There was a momentary and gloomy pause, but the instant after Downer leaped the wall with the agility and fierceness of a panther, and charged bayonet upon the Englishman. His superior strength and the impetus with which he came, for a time, gave him the advantage. But the bayonet has ever been the favorite weapon of the British soldier, and with all his impetuosity, Edward was not able to inflict a serious wound upon his adversary. The latter coolly and warily trode back his ground, keeping his bayonet at his antagonist's face, till the hard breathing and panting of the young American warned him that it was his turn to become the assailant. Then it was that his thrusts were quick, rapid, and successful; till, at length, as Downer found himself with his back to the very wall from which he had begun the attack, he was convinced that nothing but stratagem could save his life. Wound after wound he received, and, at length, the British bayonet entered his vest near the left arm-pit, and the muzzle came with violence against his breast. Edward threw down his gun, and, clapping both hands upon the wound, uttered a loud scream. The Briton, surprised at the act, or supposing him mortally wounded, dropped the point of his weapon. Quick as lightning, Downer sprang over his guard, and lighting on him with the force of a cannon ball hurled him to the earth. There was a fearful struggle of a few seconds, but at length, Downer appeared with one hand on the Briton's throat, and his knees planted in his breast. 'Now surrender!' said Downer, almost breathless. 'Never!' said the Briton, in a voice still more inarticulate.

'Surrender!' cried Downer again, reaching forth one hand and drawing to him the Briton's own gun.

Then it was that the 'Never!' of the Briton came, clear and steady.—'Never, to a rebel!' and, in a twinkling, the bayonet descended.

'Quarter!' cried a gurgling voice. 'Too late!' said Downer, as he rose from the body, now at its last gasp; 'too late!' and as he drew out the bayonet, the spirit of the Briton took its flight, leaving his body a grim and senseless clod,

"—— the unclosed eye
Still lowering on his enemy."

When Edward had collected his scattered faculties, he found himself surrounded with a suffocating smoke, which a strong wind was bearing, in heavy volumes, from the westward. The tones of an

alarm bell were also swinging heavily by on the night wind, and millions of sparks and burning fragments were rising and falling in the west. The direction of these fiery signs gave rise to the worst suspicions, and rushing up the intervening height, which formed the eastern limit of Willow Valley, the dreadful truth flashed upon him; the home of his childhood was in flames! and where were his father and sister? The thought was madness.—In a state bordering on phrenzy, he was led away by the compassionate neighbors from the smoking ruins. The blackened and bloody corpse of Col. Downer had been rescued with difficulty from the flames when the roof was falling in, and now, as all was over, was borne in mournful procession to the village. Isabella could nowhere be found. As a great part of the house was in flames before the neighbors reached it, the villains having been thorough in the work and the torch applied in a dozen places, it remained, for the night, uncertain whether she had perished with her father and was now covered with the warm ashes of the place, or had been carried off by the enemy. The search of the morning rendered the latter conjecture probable; the ruins were raked to the bottom, but no body could be found.

The middle of May saw Boston besieged by an army of twenty thousand men. Conspicuous in this throng of patriots was a band of an hundred men, all in the flower of life, and all born in Willow Valley and its neighborhood. They were distinguished above all their brethren in arms for their discipline, the prowess of their leader, and the spirit of fierce hostility to Britain which they breathed. But what made them more remarkable was the singular banner under which they had sworn upon the grave of this murdered patriarch to conquer or die. It represented, on one side, simply a willow blasted by lightning; on the other, a house in flames, and a party of soldiers dragging off a struggling female. With these characteristics, 'Downer's Volunteers' were justly considered the *élite* of the early continental army, and continued to signalize themselves by constant acts of daring and intrepidity, throughout the war.

During the last days of May, there was a rumor afloat, that a young American was to be hung in Boston for an attempt on the life of a British officer, the Hon. Capt. Gordon, of Leslie's grenadiers. This was followed by another, that he had escaped; and handbills, offering a reward for his apprehension, were circulated, some of which reached even the quarters of the American army.

It was during the prevalence of these reports, that our old acquaintance, Joab Fisher, whom we have seen brought low by a British bullet, and who, since that eventful day, had not been heard of, suddenly appeared in the camp. It seems that Joab's Bœotian head was the means of saving his life. For the ball, striking the top stone upon which Joab prudently rested his gun, either for the purpose of

taking surer aim, or with a view of exposing only that part of his person which he had reason to believe invulnerable—glanced thence to the forehead of proof behind it, and thence into the air. The only evil consequence therefore was, that he was entranced, some twenty or thirty minutes; and for that matter, might have been as many days; for of his subsequent operations he chose to account no farther than that he had been to Boston. Considerable information which he communicated to his commanding officer respecting the situation of the enemy in Boston went to prove this; but what had carried him thither in such an unaccountable manner, he obstinately refused to tell. Long used to indulgence from the family of Downer, for his honesty and attachment, he now asserted his prerogative, and was dismissed to his duty without farther questioning. He had been gone but a few minutes when Downer, who had risen, and was walking to and fro, in a fit of abstraction, as he turned towards the door, saw standing in it a youth, apparently about seventeen. His countenance would have been eminently handsome had it not been for the darkness of his complexion.

‘Who are you?’ demanded Downer, surprised at the suddenness of this apparition.

The stranger replied not, but entered in considerable agitation, and placed one of the aforesaid handbills in the Captain’s hand. It stated that the assassination of Capt. Gordon was attempted conjointly by two persons, one of whom had been taken and was particularly described in the advertisement; but of the other no account could be given; for notwithstanding the attempt was made on the Common in broad day, he had managed to escape, and there was no doubt had assisted in the rescue of the other.

‘I am your countryman,’ at length said the youth, ‘and the person described in that handbill; but I know I run no risk in making this disclosure. I ask also the privilege of enlisting in your corps.’

‘You are my countryman?’ said Downer, coldly; ‘if so you are safe, but loth am I to acknowledge as such, one, who would stoop to the assassination even of an enemy.’

‘Assassination!’ said the youth indignantly, ‘these hands are pure as your own. The blood which I shed, flowed at noon day, and when I knew that my own destruction would be almost inevitable; and all that induced me to escape when taken, was because my vengeance was incomplete. Oh!’ continued he, with a fierce smile, that sat strangely on his beautiful mouth, ‘had I but reached his heart instead of his arm, I never would have left my prison.’

A strong expression of disgust here burst from Downer: ‘So young and yet so blood-thirsty!’

‘I have cause,’ cried the youth, with startling energy; ‘a cause that is written upon my soul, as with a searing iron!’

‘What is it?’ asked Downer who felt himself much affected by the youth’s manner.

Exhausted by his feelings, he had sunk upon a seat. ‘You shall know all,’ said he, in a faint but significant voice, ‘after the first battle;’ and then starting up wildly, he laid his thin hand on Downer’s arm, and asked in a low tone: ‘On the evening of the nineteenth of April, did you not meet a band of Briton’s fleeing, as from the avenger of blood?’

‘I did,’ said Downer, shuddering at his own recollections.

‘And did you note their leader?’

‘I could pick out every man in that band of murderers from the whole British army. He was a short, thick-set, fellow, with prominent eyes and a red face.’

‘That was he!’ shrieked the youth, ‘that was the fiend Gordon! I have seen his blood, and by my prophetic soul, I will have it from his heart, ere I die.’

‘Had he a thousand lives,’ cried Edward Downer, as the memory of his own wrongs rose and maddened him, ‘had he a thousand lives, he would owe them all to me.’

‘Then your own revenge is sweet,’ said the youth, ‘and there is sympathy between us.’

‘You are right; but how can he have injured one so young as you? Have you too lost a sister and a father?’

‘More!’ replied the youth shuddering as he hid his face with his hands from the enquiring but compassionate gaze of the young soldier. He sat thus for a minute, endeavoring to master his feelings, and at length rose calmly and said, ‘I will tell you all after the battle; meanwhile, I have a natural right to fight under your banner, for I was born in Willow Valley, and my name is Edgar.’

‘A double claim,’ said Downer taking him kindly by the hand, ‘for that was the name of my father. And now, my gallant friend, as our sorrows have sprung from the same source, we will make common cause against the destroyer of our peace; and he that first meets him on the battle field, shall avenge the wrongs of both. What say you, Edgar; shall we not be brothers?’ The young man looked him in the face a moment, and then murmured ‘My brother,’ threw himself into his arms and sobbed upon his bosom.

Downer, to his surprise found tears upon his own cheek, when he released Edgar from his embrace. There was something in this community of sorrow, something in the youth’s voice and manner that had beguiled him of an emotion which his desolate soul had not known for weeks.

The month of May was spent in various petty expeditions for harassing the enemy. But the month of June was reserved for the opening of the great drama. Still, however, sixteen days passed off

in comparative repose. But the dawn of the seventeenth was ushered in by the thunders of Bunker hill, and a demonstration of hardihood was made on the part of the Americans, appalling to the veterans who had hitherto affected to despise them. It is not the province of our humble tale to enter into a description of that magnificent action. The story has been repeated till every child can tell it. I would then merely invite the reader's attention to that part of the lines defended by 'Downer's volunteers.' Here had been the hottest of the battle. Well disciplined and admirably equipped, and inspired with tenfold hatred of the British, they did their work with astonishing coolness and despatch, and every bullet told one on the death roll. When the last and decisive charge came on, they handled their bayonets like old campaigners and repulsed the enemy with prodigious slaughter, or, retreating, only because otherwise they would have been left alone upon the field. It was upon this third onset that a fresh company of grenadiers, who with other reinforcements had just arrived, advanced to assault Downer's section of the lines. In spite of a tremendous fire, they passed on and leaped the breastwork. 'Upon them,' cried their leader; 'no quarter to the rebels!'

A cry of ferocious joy burst from the lips of Downer, as he recognized the fiery face of the speaker, and he rushed forward, sword in hand. But before he could reach his victim, who stood by the breastwork, waving his sword and urging his men onward, a light form bounded through the air past him, and lighted upon the Briton with a fixed bayonet. The blow was sufficient to have beaten him to the earth, even without a weapon; but as it was, the steel passed through his vitals and pinned him to the slope of the embankment. 'I have kept my vow!' shouted Edgar. 'Wretch, know me!'

As he spoke, he stooped and whispered something in his ear. Gordon started as if he felt another wound, and gazing wildly upon the face, which, advanced within a foot of his, was smiling upon him but with the dire expression of a beautiful fiend, he attempted to rise, made a noise like one strangling, fell backward, and expired.

'I have kept my vow!' again cried the youth as he drew out his weapon and turned to Downer, 'and, *brother*, we are both revenged.' As he spoke, he drew off from his head a wig of straight black hair, and the rich tresses of a female fell upon his neck and shoulders.

'Isabella!' cried Downer, as the truth dawned upon him, 'my sister!—can it be?'

'Touch me not,' cried the unhappy girl, shrinking from his embrace. 'There is a stain upon me which even the blood that I coveted has not washed away.'

'But Oh!' she continued, 'here flows a healing balm.' She pointed as she spoke to a crimson tide, that dyed her garments from her side to her feet.

‘You are wounded!’ cried the terrified Edward.

She gave no answer, but smiled and fainted in his arms.

The enemy was now advancing in a manner that showed resistance would be unavailing. The redoubt had been taken, and the lines everywhere broken. Edward cast an impatient glance at his flying countrymen, but Isabella at this moment opened her eyes, and every other passion of his soul gave way to a brother’s tenderness. He ordered a hasty retreat; and, bearing Isabella in his arms through the raking fire of the enemy across Charlestown neck, placed her in a carriage, and thus conveyed her to her native valley—to die.

Her sun went calmly down. She gloried in the exchange of worlds, not so much from a mere loathing of life, as from the triumphant assurances of the gospel. The seeds of life eternal had been sown early in her mind. It had sprung up, a vigorous and healthful plant; and though the lightnings had scathed and rifled it, its roots were still lively, and sent forth buds and boughs. All within her was peace. The christian’s hope, that breeze of paradise, which had fanned her childhood’s hours, and which had recently been put to fearful rout, had resumed its wonted breathings, and was wafting her steadily on to the haven of rest.—They assembled for her funeral. It was more solemn than her father’s, but I cannot describe it. The deep waters of their souls were troubled, and there was weeping and woe, but no violence—no confusion. Her angel spirit seemed to hover there, with a spell on every heart, bidding them be still, for she was at rest. But think not if thus silent their sorrow, it left not its impression. Deep was the oath by which her heroic band, kneeling round her grave, bound their souls to the service of their country, till death or victory should close the conflict. The band in which she had fought took a new ardor to revenge the wrongs of Isabella Downer. With Gates they were at Saratoga; with Green, at Eutaw Springs; with Washington, at Trenton and Yorktown. At length fifty war-worn veterans returned to Willow Valley. The bones of the remaining fifty were strewn from Massachusetts Bay to Georgia. Downer too returned, but not to remain. He saw the ashes of his home, and the voice of other days came back upon him and unmanned him. He retired far south, and there, once more, laid the foundations of his house. His vine has flourished, and numerous goodly branches have sprung from the parent stock. His eldest son, who inherits the paternal estate, was a colonel in the service during the last war, and more recently a member of the national council. In his house is a singular room, which is opened but once a year. At one end of it hangs the picture of his grandfather. At the other are the pictures of his father and of Isabella in her military dress; and between them is spread the banner under which they fought. Here, on the anniver-

sary of the nineteenth of April, a solemn feast is held. All branches of the family are called home, the history of that banner is repeated, and all feel as they turn from the sacred relics to separate, each to his home, the bonds of consanguinity strengthened, and their love of liberty increased from the knowledge of the price it cost. 'Had every family in the land such an heir-loom as this,' says the colonel, 'Britons at least could never conquer us.'

We beg that our motive in recording this narrative may not be misapprehended. Let us not be accused of exaggerating the sufferings of our revolutionary fathers, or of wishing to strengthen national antipathies. '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' The angry passions of that struggle have subsided, and far be it from us to rake among the smouldering embers of the last century for the purpose of kindling again a flame which, for the good of both nations, every enlightened Englishman and every true American wishes extinguished forever. But if, by portraying the outrages to which our ancestors were exposed, in winning for themselves and us, their children, a rich inheritance of liberty and peace, our humble tale can beget in us a proper veneration for their memories, and a just appreciation of their glorious bequests, then will the wishes of its author be fully realized.

NAPOLEON.

He came, as comes the sun at dawn,
 Upon a slumbering world ;
 Corruption at his nod was gone,
 The tyrant's banner furl'd ;
 Thrones trembled at his giant tread,
 Crowns fell around his feet,
 And shook the ashes of the dead
 His eagle glance to meet.

He came, a child whom men might scorn,
 A vision faint to feel,
 But Europe saw her proudest born
 Before his presence kneel ;
 And kings and conquerors faded far
 In shadow from his name,
 As fades the faintest silver star
 Behind the sunrise flame.

He went upon the battle ground,
Strong, yea, invincible ;
Of death to enemies around
His cannon tones were full ;
With requiems rang his trumpets, ere
The deadly fight began,
And fell as many foes from fear
As from opposing man.

An island in a sleeping sea
Him sent abroad to reign ;
An island in a stormy sea
Has got him back again ;
He came on earth, determined, stern,
And hard to be denied,
Empires and thrones to overturn,
And on the greatest, died.

J. O. R.

STORY OF GRATITUDE.

When we find so much ingratitude and selfishness among mankind, and after conferring considerable favors, instead of securing a friend, find "the ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke,"—when we so often see an apparent act of liberality originate from a selfish motive, it gives us pleasure to meet with an instance of disinterested generosity and pure gratitude in return ; it makes us better satisfied with mankind and our situation among them.

The following was copied from the journal of an American ship-master in his own words ; he was an eye witness of what he relates, and recorded it merely as a source of amusement for himself.

As I was standing, says the writer, in the street gate of the French coffee house in Lima, with several American captains, one of whom was named B***ks, our attention was attracted by a general officer in full uniform, of a fine commanding appearance, coming out of the coffee house, attended by his secretary. When near us he started, stopped an instant, then ran and caught B. in his arms, cried " My dear B ! my dear friend ! how happy I am to see you ! " B. was astonished and told him he did not recollect him. What ! he says, not recollect Hualero ! The exclamations of joy and congratulation were now mutual, and they went into the coffee house together. Hualero immediately inquired of B. if he could serve him ; he offered his purse—his house, or his interest. B. replied that he was master of a vessel, which, with the cargo, had been seized by gov-

ernment on account of some Spanish property on board; that the trial would come on soon, and that the result was doubtful; in every other respect his circumstances were such as to need no assistance. Hualero told him to give himself no uneasiness, that he would attend to the business, that his obligations to him were such that he could never expect to cancel them, but it would give him the greatest pleasure to render him any service in his power. After some further conversation, he took leave, inviting B. to dine with him the next day, and bring any of his friends whom he chose.

On the following day, B. with two of his acquaintances left Lima for Bella Vista, a small village where the Colombian and Peruvian forces were encamped, under the command of Hualero. They had chosen this place as it was within gunshot of Callao castles, and convenient for erecting batteries behind the houses, without being annoyed by the Spaniards, (who still held the castles under the command of Rodil, the only spot on the continent of South America in their possession.) When the breast-work was completed and mounted with long brass 24 pounders, the buildings were torn down, and a heavy cannonade opened on the astonished garrison, who however in return sent an immense quantity of bombs and shot into the batteries and village, but without much effect. After cannonading for several days, the fire gradually ceased on both sides, and was only continued at intervals.

In one of the batteries they found the General, who received them with much kindness and attention, and, after showing them all that could interest them for their amusement, ordered several shots to be thrown among a party of foragers outside the walls of the castle. The shots were promptly returned by the garrison, and were thrown with great precision. Hualero was personally known to Rodil and his officers; and being very conspicuous from his dress, all the shot appeared to be directed at him, not one of which passed more than twenty feet from him and his party. Several soldiers were wounded and one killed by the explosion of a bomb. After this military diversion, they repaired to the General's quarters, and dined with him and several of his officers. After dinner, the General related to the company, his obligations to Captain B., and gave the following toast: "Captain B., the saviour of my life." He then told him that his secretary had interceded with the government respecting his vessel, and that he might expect a favorable decision. When the party took leave, the General accompanied them nearly to Lima. The kindness and attention of Hualero to B. was unremitted. He offered to furnish him any house in Lima he chose to select, and was continually urging favors upon him. B.'s property was soon after liberated, though it was well known to be liable to condemnation. That a general officer in the Colombian

army should have so much influence with the government, will not surprise any one who is acquainted with the state of affairs in Peru at that time.

The cause of Hualero's obligations to B. was as follows.—Several months after the Spanish army, under Morillo, had overrun the greatest part of Colombia, and almost annihilated the Patriot forces, B. was in the Havana, master of a vessel belonging to Philadelphia. He had finished his business, and was on the point of sailing for home, when he was accosted in the street by a man in an ordinary dress, with a shabby straw hat, requesting to know if he could have a passage to the United States, with a separate cabin for his family. B. would not have hesitated a moment to refuse, had not his address been much superior to his appearance. Observing B.'s hesitation, he produced a purse of doubloons, and offered to pay his passage in advance, intimating that his appearance was rather from choice than necessity. B. having no other passengers, finally concluded to take him. The same afternoon he came on board with his family, and they soon after weighed anchor. It was near sunset when they came abreast the Moro Castle, and were boarded by the guard boat with an officer and six or seven soldiers, who ordered the passengers and crew to be mustered on deck. After examining the roll of equipage, and asking the usual questions, he turned to the captain and asked him if he was aware that he had a prisoner of war on board as a passenger. Before he could reply, he turned to the agitated Hualero, who had expected that his disguise would protect him, and ordered him to go with him immediately on shore. B., who spoke the Spanish fluently, requested the officer to walk below, and showed the passenger's passport, which was intended for another person, whose name it now appeared he had assumed. The officer appeared satisfied, but told him Hualero must go on shore without delay. B. went on deck to give the necessary orders, while the officer remained below seated at the table with a bottle of wine, which he did not think necessary to leave till all was ready. He found the unfortunate Hualero standing near the taffrail, his wife and children clinging to him, almost distracted with grief; but he stood perfectly erect, apparently unconscious of their presence. The ferocious expression of his eyes, and stern, determined look, showed that he was meditating on some desperate action. His reflections were interrupted by B., who told him he was sorry for his misfortunes, that he regretted he had not informed him at first of his situation. He repeated the orders of the officer, and told him no time could be lost. Hualero begged one moment's delay; then stated as briefly as possible, that he was a native of Colombia, had been a general officer in the Colombian army, that he had been taken prisoner, with many others, and sent to the Havana, his family being allowed to accompany him—

had been several months closely confined, that his strength of constitution had enabled him to survive the confinement in that dreadful climate which had proved fatal to most of his companions, that he had lately been enlarged on his parole, and had heard that all the prisoners of war were to be again closely confined. A friend had supplied him with money, and procured him the passport of a man who had died soon after receiving it. He dreaded another confinement—he preferred death, and determined to make his escape; ‘but I have failed,’ he said, ‘it is all over; I have no more hope, but I am armed,’ (showing a dagger,) ‘and shall sell my life as dearly as possible; for never, never will I return to be punished by the merciless Spaniards.’ He looked at his wife for a moment, and his countenance lost its sternness; he appeared softened. ‘For myself,’ he added, ‘I am almost indifferent; but my faithful wife and poor children ——.’ His voice faltered; he turned away and covered his face. The situation of the unfortunate man, the tears of his children, and mute despair of his wife, forcibly excited the compassion of B., who was one of those warm-hearted persons who frequently act from the impulse of the moment, when their feelings are excited, without reflecting on the impropriety of the action, or the consequences. He told Hualero that he would protect him at the risk of his life. He immediately called the crew, and told them that they must stand by him and assist him in detaining the boat till they got out to sea. The sailors, who had witnessed the whole, required no explanation, but told him to depend upon them.

It was now sunset. The vessel, with a light breeze, was slowly passing the Moro; the officer, becoming impatient, came on deck, and in a haughty manner demanded why his prisoner was not in the boat. He was told that he was not going. ‘Very well, sir,’ he said; ‘then there is something there,’ (pointing at the Moro Castle, which was still visible,) ‘that will soon bring you to; jump into the boat, men, and pull for the shore.’ ‘Stop,’ said B.; ‘you have a large safe boat, and must go a short distance to sea with me to-night. This is no time to parley; resistance will be instant death. You see we are armed, and ready to put my threat in execution.’ The officer, who did not think it necessary to risk his life for what perhaps he felt but little interest, and seeing all hands armed, thought it wisest to acquiesce, and submitted in sulky silence. After clearing the Moro, they got a fine breeze, carried the boat so far as not to fear a pursuit, and permitted them to return. On the arrival of the vessel at Philadelphia, Hualero lived in the family of B. until he had an opportunity to return to his own country. Years had passed away. Colombia had established her independence, and had sent her armies, under Bolivar, to assist the Republicans in Peru, who were struggling for existence. In 1824, after making a

forced march to secure a pass for the purpose of preventing the junction of the Spanish forces, but being too late, and the Spanish army double his force, it was evident from the conduct of the brave Bolivar that he considered the cause entirely lost. He left the army which was in the interior, and repaired to Lima, having ordered Sucre to retreat to the sea-coast, if possible; but if the army was destroyed, to save himself. Bolivar had vessels ready at Chaneay to embark at a moment's notice; but the famous battle of Ayacucho changed the face of affairs, and established the independence of Peru. Hualero had been ordered from Caraccas with a considerable body of fine troops, to reinforce the Patriot army in the interior of Peru. He embarked at Panama, and arrived safe at Lima; but his reinforcement was no longer necessary in the interior, and he was ordered to invest Callao castles, while the combined Patriot fleet blockaded the port. This was in March, 1825, about two or three months after the battle of Ayacucho. In the mean time B. had doubled Cape Horn, and arrived at Lima, where they accidentally met at the coffee-house gate, but under very different circumstances; Hualero in power and the full tide of prosperity, but B. in distress, and needing his assistance. The conduct of neither in the first instance would bear strict scrutiny; but the boldness and generosity of B., and the ardent gratitude of Hualero, must excite our admiration. The story may also have its moral; that a generous action is not always repaid with ingratitude. It is by such conduct that the character of our nation will rise in the estimation of foreigners to the height that it merits. Persons who never leave the United States have but a faint idea of their opinion respecting us. We are so conscious of our own merit, (and certainly with good reason,) that we never dream we are underrated by others. But the mists and clouds of ignorance are dispersing. Our country is becoming better known, and consequently more respected.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A DREAM.

STAY, beauteous vision! Sweet delusion, stay!
Flit not, fair child of fancy's midnight hour!
Let me again those slender fingers press,
Again upon those long-loved features gaze.
'Tis gone! and rudely has the voice of day
Scared from my couch the phantoms of the night.
I saw her move, just as in former days,
Among her fair companions all, with whom

Full oft in boyhood's hours I've stray'd through fields
 Of velvet verdure. Not more joyous seemed
 The birds among the leaves, nor those same leaves
 A fresher youth displayed, nor yet, more pure
 The pebbly streamlet rippled at our feet.
 Thrice happy days! And may I not recal you!
 Thus did she move—her happy friends the same,
 But not the same was I; for I had sinned
 Unwittingly against this loveliness.
 The careless step of innocence approved
 Was mine no more, and trembling I approached.
 They saw me. Quick the voice of mirth was hushed.
 They pass'd with eyes averted;—all but one,
 She bent on me a cold and fixed regard
 That seemed to say; "Why dost thou thus intrude
 Upon a scene which thou hast done thy worst
 To rifle of its peace? Is it to gaze
 Upon the misery of a broken heart—
 And say with fiendish joy, 'This is my work.'"
 I seized her hand, but it was quick withdrawn;
 "Turn, baffled worm! Thou seest I can despise thee!"
 Tho' guiltless in intention, mute I stood
 Striving to speak.—The vision passed away—
 The busy world was round me; and the form
 So haughty, yet so beautiful, was gone.
 'Twas grief to see her look on me so coldly
 But thus to lose her!—Oh! 'twas agony!

M. R.

REVIEW.

THE TOKEN, FOR 1830. *Edited by S. G. Goodrich.* Published by
 Carter and Hendee. Boston. 1830.

To those who never had the pleasure of making acquaintance with the preceding volumes of the *Token*, its extreme and elegant neatness will be a sufficient 'letter of recommendation' to bespeak good will: but we, who have had opportunity to observe its constant and rapid improvement in beauty and worth, would not unnecessarily use time in praising its exterior decoration. We are prepared to be pleased, but certainly shall not fail to exhibit the causticity proper to our nature (*ex officio*) when the occasion seems to require its development. This will not often occur; for we think that a work like this, which betokens such a spirited determination to foster the public

taste, deserves our most favorable construction, without considering how eminently successful its enterprising publisher has been in pleasing and satisfying the public mind. The volume is introduced by a handsome preface, which we were old fashioned enough to read, in which the publisher makes a sort of *exposé* of the comparative expense of works of the kind in this country and in England; and shows that, not only is the cost of publication greater with us, but that the encouragement, naturally to be expected for an American work, illustrative, to a great degree, of our own scenery and manners, is, notwithstanding, much less liberal. And here, we say, may be found the secret of some of this apparent illiberality towards the elegant arts, of which the more refined have been in the habit of complaining, but which a strenuous perseverance in publishing such works as the Token, will, we hope, soon remedy; namely, so much has been said of late years about illustrating American scenery and manners, without a correspondent supply of sterling material, that the public, whether they confess it or not, are tired to death of the very names. We do not mean to say, that there is not a vast number of incidents in our Revolutionary and ante-revolutionary History, which are full of interest and romance: but the difficulty is, that we are bringing them all forward too prematurely. They stand out now too prominently, so that all can examine their roughnesses, their sharp corners, and uninteresting peculiarities: they need the mellowing touch of Time, who, destroyer as he is, never fails to throw over his victims a dim but beautiful light, a veil of indistinct and misty obscurity, which, granting free room for the imagination to play in, adds half the charm to what we can examine and know. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, said Tacitus; and the noble Roman was surely not apt to form false or unphilosophical conclusions on the phenomena of the human mind. There is just this difference of interest excited by an ancient tale, with only a few of whose mysterious and, as it were, hallowed facts, we are acquainted, and one, the whole series of whose details is familiar to us: the one, is like some staring red brick house, complete in all its parts, and soiled only with the dust of to-day; the respectable habitation of any definite individual and his blooming family, with all of whose inmates we are on the best possible terms and could detail their peculiar characteristics with due precision;—the other may represent one of those desolate dwelling-places, (of many of which, to be sure, we cannot boast, but which travellers speak of,) with its torn wall and ivied porch, and deserted chambers, all lonely and forgotten; which fancy may people with inhabitants at will, and imagine their lives, their

feelings, and their fate. The fact is, we do not read stories for certainty or to revive our recollections of facts, but for excitement, for novelty and wonder; and, once more, there is the same difference between History, as it should be, and legends, as they ought to be, as between the mathematical problem $a \times b = ab$, in which, when we have ascertained this certainly important result, we neither know or care more about the matter,—and the gigantic foot of Alcides the victorious, on which, when once seen, we can build up his mighty proportions, and fancy his glorious prowess.

All these subjects of imagination too require strong handling; and the great minds, which only can manage such things well, cannot suffer their powers to be tramelled, or their themes to be prescribed. Their eyes 'glance from earth to heaven,' and over the illimitable extent of the visible and invisible universe: their subjects are men's high achievements and God's good works wherever they occur and are manifested. Such men do indeed feel and cherish the deepest, the most devoted feelings of true and generous patriotism, but they love virtue, all moral beauty and nobleness, better than their country, better, far better than themselves; and, growing more liberal and universal in their sympathies, the more enlarged, the wiser and purer their minds become, they delight to describe an exalted character, a gallant action, or a heroic trait, whether displayed at their own fire-side, or at Nova Zembla, or the pole.

We make these few preliminary remarks, because we think and wish others to think, if they will, that an American writer, like the writer of every other country ought, notwithstanding the fashion, to select such subjects for the exercise of his powers, as will allow those powers their freest play and fullest developement, whether the subject be national or otherwise; and not feel himself bound by his tenure of citizenship, to drag in for illustration, at all times and places, a provincial story or a Yankee legend, often absurd enough in itself and sometimes shockingly inapposite to the matter in hand. There are plenty of both which are really excellent: let us have only those.

The *Token* commences with some fanciful lines referring to the vignette title page, and these are succeeded by a splendid prose description of the various phases of the magnificent sea, in which, taking for his leader one of the most remarkable men of ancient or modern times, the poet, prophet, hero and king,—the mighty Psalmist of Israel,—the author dilates upon the uses of the ocean, and its uncontrollable power, and introduces many very just and generally striking reflections. We need only say that it is the production of the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, and quote a part of the conclusion.

“There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed and perhaps unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains are there, to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops? Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt, which so impregnate its waters, that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes, may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been ingulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and idle wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

And oh! yet more affecting to the heart and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiem? What shrouds were wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that secret tomb? Where are the bones, the relics of the brave and the fearful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother, and sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain-cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which lie strewn in that unwonted cemetery. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but he to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; he who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll and there shall be ‘no more sea.’”

The next article, styled “Napoleon,” by Grenville Mellen, is, we think, the best piece of his we have ever had the pleasure to meet with, and his verses, certes, have always afforded us pleasure. The subject is Napoleon weeping on a bust of his son at St. Helena. The first and the two following verses are very touching and much the best.

The roar of all the world had passed—
On a sounding rock alone,
An exile, to the earth he cast
His gathered glories down!
Yet dreamt he of his victor race,
Till, turning to that marble face,
His heart gave way;

And nature saw her time of power—
A conquerer in tears!
The mighty bowed before a flower,
In the chastisement of years!
What can this mystery control!—
The father comes, as man's high soul
And hopes decay.

"The Maniac," by the Editor, seems to us by no means equal to some of his previous productions.

"The Wounded Bird," by P. is very simple, natural and affecting: worthy of Percival, if it is his, and not unworthy of any good heart or sound mind.

"The Indian Fighter," by the author of 'Francis Berrian,' (Mr. Flint of Cincinnati,) is a terrible story, told with great power and pathos, and full of beautiful description of the grand and splendid scenery, the gorgeous dyes of bird and flower, which the more bountiful Nature of the West has so unsparingly and spontaneously distributed over immense prairie and forest.

"To a Bride," by John W. Stebbins, it is hard to characterise as merely pretty, when the author meant to produce something of a higher nature: but it is, certainly, pretty, with the exception of the last stanza, which has some bad lines, unless he means to change the measure, which is hardly justifiable in a piece of this sort.

"Innocence," by Grenville Mellen, we like, especially the moral: better would it be for the world, if Poets, to whom God has given a higher perception of natural and moral beauty than to others, would learn not "to lavish their high gifts in vain," but devote them to the encouragement and advance of purity and beauty of heart.

"The height of Impudence," by James Isaacs, we do not half like to see in the *Token*, seeing the book is intended, mainly, to edify and amuse the fair possessors of bright eyes and delicate nerves. Stern as we are by nature and the necessary influence of this cruel business, and steel-banded as the author will think our nerves, we are fain to confess that we were compelled to own some hysterical symptoms at the unauthorised intrusion and indecorous behavior of Mr. Jedidiah Cobb, in the mansion of Mr. Amaziah Flint; and worse by far, in that very *sanctum* of all, the lady's *boudoir*! Good heavens! not for the world would we have stood in the "muddy shoes" of Mr. Cobb, had Mrs. Flint been on the spot. The story is amusing, but somewhat vulgar; rather well told, but unnatural; and unless the author will send us his *affidavit*, sworn to before a respectable Dutch magistrate, subscribed by a sufficient number of trust-worthy witnesses, we are determined not to credit the facts. We assure the author that we set nothing down in malice. We think the tale on the whole a good one, but unfit for the *Token*: we think him young in writing, but believe him capable of telling much better stories in a much better way.

We shall not have space, which we hoped, to take up in detail every piece in the book, but must point out those which strike us as at all remarkable, either for beauty or the reverse.

"The Doomed Bride," by Mellen, is the same old tale, always occurring and always to occur, of well requited but unfortunate affection ;— of a beautiful and resolute maiden, pledging and keeping her plighted troth, in despite of the decrees of a severe father,—of a bold, wicked, and no doubt ugly suitor, one Sir Piers Staunton, favored by the father and cordially detested by the lady and her handmaids,—of an elegant and chivalric gallant, bearing up manfully, as he who deserves a fair lady's favor always does, against all discouragement and opposition, and finally doing his *devoir* so stoutly in some desperate feat of arms, bloody enough to make one's veins run chill in these degenerate days, melting the heart of the cruel father into a consent to the long deferred nuptials. May such a proper and happy issue crown the fortunes of all true and devoted lovers.

Of the "Departure of the Eagle," we like parts amazingly, but there are two faults in the last stanza, *gleamy west*, and the last rhyme 'e'er,' which are almost unpardonable.

There is a peculiar delicacy and elegance about the lines entitled "Snow," which ought to recommend it to all lovers of pure and beautiful poetry.

The next piece strikes us as rather prosaic, and there is one line,

"The dawn of every sentiment revealing,"

which is exceedingly unsentimental.

The tribute to the memory of Brainard is worthy of Mrs. Sigourney ; worthy of him : what can we say more ? Here are the concluding stanzas :—

"Youth, with gay step and liberal hand, had sown
Fresh germs of hope to cluster round his head ;
Those blossoms withered, and he stood alone,
Till on his cheek the blushing hectic fed,
And o'er his manly brow cold death-dews spread ;
Then on his soul a quenchless star arose,
Whose holy beams their purest lustre shed
When the sealed eye to its last pillow goes ;
He followed where it led, and found a saint's repose.

"And now farewell. The rippling stream shall hear
No more the echo of thy sportive oar,
Nor the loved group, thy father's halls that cheer,
Joy in the magic of thy presence more ;
Long shall their tears thy broken harp deplore—
Yet doth thine image, warm and deathless, dwell
With those who prize the minstrel's hallowed lore,
And still thy music, like a treasured spell,
Thrills deep within their souls. Lamented bard, farewell !"

"The Young Provincial," is a pleasing story, told quite inartificially. The feeling expressed in the following passage is affecting and excellent :—

“ ‘When my powder was gone, I went out on the track of the retreating army, with a high heart and burning cheek I assure you. The first of the fallen that I saw before me, was a young officer, not older than myself, who had received a wound in the breast, and was lying by the wayside. There was a calm repose in the expression of his features, which I have often seen in those who died with gunshot wounds; his lips were gently parted, and he seemed like one neither dead nor sleeping, but profoundly wrapt in meditations on distant scenes and friends. I went up to him with the same proud feeling which I had maintained throughout the battle; but when I saw him lying there in his beauty, and thought of all the hopes that were crushed by that blow, of those who were dreaming of him as one free from danger, and waiting the happy moment that was to restore him to their arms; and, more than all, when I thought that I might have been the cause of all this destruction, my heart relented within me, and I confess to you that I sat down by that poor youth and wept like a child.’ ”

Lines “To a Wave,” by J. O. Rockwell, are good, but we are sorry he should be driven to such extremity for a rhyming word, as to introduce ‘silver,’ which has long been voted unmanagable and outlawed from the realms of legitimate rhyme.

The “Song of the Bees,” by H. F. Gould, is very pretty and fanciful, like many of that lady’s previous productions.

The article, however, on which we have dwelt with more unalloyed gratification, than on any other in the book, is “The Country Cousin.” It is in Mrs. Sedgwick’s best manner, full of grace and beauty, and, what is better, full of moral truth and instruction. We would recommend to our young writers a sedulous attention to her manner of telling a story. She designs well, at first, and then completes all the parts; so that you can scarcely point your pen to a passage and say, ‘this is a fault.’ The only fault, indeed, which we find with the piece (and faults we are determined to find,) is, that it professes to be a ghost story, and the apparition turns out to be no ghost, after all; at which we were much disappointed: besides, being in the habit of understanding people precisely according to the simple import of their words, we are apt to be sorely puzzled by any postliminary departure from the facts originally laid down.

The lines by P. on page 194, we cannot avoid quoting entire:

“TO —————

“WHEN Love and Reason dwelt together,
As forth they went, one morn in May,
Love’s heart was lighter than a feather,
But Reason neither grave nor gay.
Love told her dreams—that worst of bores—
Though Reason half was pleased to hear,
And paused to look in eyes like yours—
And how those eyes would sparkle, dear!
But soon they met a graceful youth,
His face was fair, his figure slender,
And he could tell a lie like truth,
And languishing could look and tender.

So Folly drew young love away,
While Reason seemed but melancholy ;
And in a mansion great and gay
Love ever after dwelt with Folly.
Since then has Reason lived alone,
Declaring Love a little traitor,
And so uncharitable grown
They say he is a woman-hater."

Of "The Captain's Lady," by James Hall, we have only one word to say,—that it is capital. We do not know a happier exemplification of the small distance between the sublime and the ridiculous, nor a more laughable specimen of the anti-climax. Read it, gentle reader, if you have lungs to laugh with.

Mr. Hazard's "West Indian Sketch," is very well done. There is something extremely graphic and true to nature in his descriptions, whether of scenery, men, or manners.

We are well pleased with "The Grandfather's Hobby." It is just the sort of illustration, that the plate requires; which is no small praise, since we apprehend nothing to be more difficult than to keep up just the requisite degree of playful humor, so as neither to disappoint or disgust.

The next prose article, the "Legend of the Withered Man," by William L. Stone, is a *bonâ fide* ghost story, of the truth of which we have not the slightest doubt; for if the figure could elude the vigilance of a Yankee sentinel, what reasonable man could question its spirituality?

"The Minstrel," by V. V. Ellis, is an elegant and finished production.

"Chocorua's Curse," by the author of Hobomok, is another of those masterly exhibitions of the influence of wild and ungoverned passion upon the children of the forest, and the almost equally stern and deadly feelings, which constant, and, for the most part, hostile intercourse, gradually introduced into the breasts of the whites,—which the accomplished author has so finely described in Hobomok, and several of her later tales. With respect to the influence of the Indian Prophet's malison, we would beg leave, with due deference, to express our dissent. The old Greek well observed that "curses were like young chickens which generally come home to roost;" they do sometimes affect the imagination, but we believe they can have no effect, certainly not the curses of the wicked, upon one who is protected by innocence, and assured by reason. The tale is short, but told in beautiful language and with great skill and effect.

The lines entitled "The Leaf," by S. G. Goodrich, are, we think remarkably fine, and worthy the good taste of the editor of the *Token*.

The "Huguenot Daughter," by Hannah Dorset. It is strange enough, that the poetry of our *Annuals* should be so inferior, for inferior, after all, much of it is, while we get plenty of such well told prose stories as this. The tale is founded, of course, on religious persecution, the incidents are of a grave and affecting character and the whole subject happily handled.

In the "Ode to the Russian Eagle," by George Lunt, we suspect that in the last line but one, "path-bound," is an error of the printer for *oath-bound*.

"The Utilitarian," by John Neal, is, we are glad to see, freer than is usual with the author's productions, from his more objectionable peculiarities, while it has the same powerful writing, the same startling incident and the same eager and rapid, yet free conversation, which are, we take it, three great merits in a story-teller, and are common to all his prose writings. We object to the introduction of the child's language, and we generally demur to his use of most unheroic Christian names for his heroes, which names are not more common with us than elsewhere,—and, moreover, to the barbarous phraseology, which he sometimes puts into the mouths of New Englanders, as samples of their language, when this mode of speaking is seldom to be heard, even in the remotest parts of New England, now, if it ever were, and certainly deserves not to be kept up.

"The Bubble," by J. O. Rockwell is very pretty and descriptive.

The *Token* concludes with a prose piece by the Rev. John Pierpont. "The fashion of this world passeth away" is his subject, and the commentary is a most eloquent and touching appeal to the desolated feelings which acknowledge and the universal experience which confirms the melancholy truth.

"But there are alterations in the fashion of the world which time is more slow in producing, and which, when we witness them, are more striking, more melancholy, and of more abiding influence. Who will doubt this? for who has not felt it? and who is he that has ever felt, and has now forgotten it? Surely not you, my friend, who, by the appointments of an overruling Providence, have been compelled to spend your days as a stranger and a pilgrim in the earth. Did you, in your young manhood, leave your home among the hills, the scenes and the companions of your youthful sports or of your earliest toils? Were you long struggling with a wayward fortune, in distant lands, or in seas that rolled under the line, or that encircled the poles in their cold embrace? Did sickness humble the pride of your manhood, or did care whiten your temples before the time? How often, in your wanderings, did the peaceful image of your home present itself to your mind! How often did you visit that sacred spot in your dreams by night! and how faithful to your last impressions was the garb in which, when you were far away, your long forsaken home arrayed itself! The fields and the forests that were around it, underwent no change in their appearance to your imagination.

The trees that had given you fruit or shade continued to give the same fruits and the same shade to the inmates of your paternal dwelling ; and even in those objects of filial or fraternal affection, no change appeared to have been wrought by time during your long absence.

“ But when, at length, you return, how different is the scene that comes before you in its melancholy reality, from that which you left in your youth, and of which a faithful picture has been carried near to your heart, in all your wanderings ! Those who were once your neighbors and school-fellows, and whom you meet as you come near to your father’s house, either you do not recognise, or you are grieved that they do not recognise you. The woods, which clothed the hills around, and in which you had often indulged the vague, but delicious anticipations of childhood, have been cleared away ; and the stream that once dashed through them, breaking their religious silence by its evening hymn, and whitening as it rushed through their shade, ‘ to meet the sun upon the upland lawn,’ now creeps faintly along its contracted channel, through fields that have been stripped of their golden harvest, and through pastures embrowned by a scorching sun. The fruit trees are decayed. The shade trees have been uprooted by a storm, or their hollow trunks and dry boughs remain, venerable, but mournful witnesses to the truth that the fashion of this world passeth away. More melancholy still are the witnesses that meet you as you enter your father’s house. She, on whose bosom you hung in your infancy, and whom you had hoped once more to embrace, has long been sleeping in the dark and narrow house. Your father’s form, how changed ! Of the locks that clustered around his brow, how few remain ! and those few, how thin ! how white ! His full toned and manly voice has lost its strength, and trembles as he inquires if this is indeed his son. The sister whom you left a child, is now a wife, and a mother ; the wife of one whom you never knew, one who looks upon you as a stranger, and one towards whom it is impossible for you to kindle up a brother’s love, now that you have found so little in the scenes of your childhood to satisfy the affectionate anticipations with which you returned to them.

“ While you are contemplating these melancholy changes, and the chill of disappointment is going through your heart, the feeling comes upon you, in all its bitterness, that the mournful ravages which time has wrought upon the scenes and the objects of your attachment, will not, and cannot be repaired by time, in any of his future rounds. Returning years can furnish you with no proper objects for the fresh and glowing affections of youth ; and even if those objects could be furnished, it is too late now for you to feel for them the correspondent affection. The song of your mountain-stream can never more soothe your ear. The grove that you loved shall invite you to meditation and to worship no more. Another may, indeed, spring up in its place, but you shall not live to see it. It may shade your grave, but your heart shall never feel its charm. Your affections are robbed of the treasures to which they clung so closely and so long, and that forever. The earth, where it had appeared most lovely, is changed. The things that were nearest to your heart, have changed with it. The fashion in which the world was arrayed when it took hold on you with the strongest attachment, has passed away ; its mysterious power to charm you has fled, all its holiest enchantments are broken, and you feel that nothing remains as it was, but the abiding outline of its surface, its vallies where the still waters find their way, and the stern visage of its everlasting hills.”

Who does not feel the sad and solemn truths of this language ? Who could not weep, as it forces itself into his very heart ? So fleeting are the vanities of the world :—so pass its idle fashions and its heartless follies ;—and, sorrowing not for their decay, we might say, without regret,

“ Pass on relentless world ! ”

But so passeth not whatever is truly valuable and excellent. The monuments of man’s pride may crumble ; the temples of his glory may decay ; his navies may be thrown upon a barren beach, his armies

whelmed in eternal snow; the wayward dreams of youth, the daring hopes of manhood and the crafty schemes of worldly old age may utterly fail and perish; but though his bones be buried beneath a mountain avalanche, or rest under the broad bosom of the unfathomable sea, —no generous impulse, no lofty action, no ardent and virtuous aspiration shall pass away: his fervent enthusiasm, his noble deeds, his magnificent thoughts, his pure life, his charity to man and his high trust in God, may gladden the hearts of millions to come, till time is a lost and forgotten thing, and be recorded for eternity where the fashions of the world have no part nor lot.

We have thus examined, as well as we were able, the literary matter of the *Token*, and would now say a few words of the plates. They are generally above all praise, and might fearlessly be compared with the best plates in the *English Annuals*. The first plate, "The Doomed Bride," ought, we think, to be an exception to this remark. Good as it is in parts, the attitude of the figure, together with the drapery, are extremely stiff, and the drawing of the left arm, especially, very bad. Of the vignette title-page we have seen only an unfinished copy, but from that can determine that the design is full of truth to nature and beauty, and that the execution will be excellent. Perhaps our favorite among them all is "The Sybil." The drawing is perfect, and the whole plate executed with remarkable softness and felicity. Mr. Goodrich recommends, in the preface, a consultation with this Sybil. We fear he means to flatter us with vain hopes; but we should delight, above all things, to have our fortunes read to us by such eyes. The next plate, "Innocence," has the common faults of Westall's designs, and is not deficient in their beauties. The engraver has executed his part well. "The Lost Children" is one of the most beautiful things we ever saw. The improvement of Mr. Cheney is astonishing. We hardly know if he need now fear a rival anywhere. The introduction of portraits into works of this class is new, but there can be nothing more proper than to preserve the features of a poet, dead, alas, as *he* is, amidst the trophies of his country's literature. The likeness is said to be faithful, and the work is beautifully done. Wherever we had happened to meet "Meditation," and "The Banks of the Juniata," we should have had no hesitation in setting them down as the productions of the most distinguished English artists. "Grandfather's Hobby" is delightful. "Chocorua's Curse" is grand, striking, and well managed in all its details. A great and desirable improvement is manifested in the delineation of minute human figures, wherein our plates have generally been very faulty.

They are much better done, however, in the "*Juniata*" than in this. "*The Schoolmistress*" is one of those pictures which must suit and satisfy every body. The patient and placid expression of the ancient dame, (blessings be on her head,) the puzzled and anxious air of the youth on the stool, and the thoughtless hilarity of the other urchins, at their own momentary freedom from the task, are all inimitable. But "*Genevieve*," the bright, beautiful, laughing *Genevieve*,—reclining amongst roses, as is her due,—how shall we speak of her? It is exquisite indeed. Her taper,—no!—We can hardly avoid cutting up our lines into verse, in which we always feel at liberty to give more minute descriptions than in homely prose; but we forbear. This, with the "*Greek Lovers*," which is on the whole, remarkably well designed and executed, and which we like very much, notwithstanding some obvious defects, complete the list of embellishments. It is "got up," as the saying is, with great taste and beauty, in a manner highly creditable to the editor and publishers.

We had almost forgotten to mention that the *Token* is not yet published, but will be out, about the first of October. Before closing, we wish also to make a few remarks upon a subject adverted to above; namely, How is it that the poetical articles in all our *Souvenirs* are generally so inferior in sterling value to the prose? How is it that, while our writers of legends and the multitudes of tales, with which our press annually teems, need not fear competition with writers of the same class in any country, we have little poetry to compare with the productions of the mighty masters of the rhyme on the other side of the Atlantic? Have we no claim upon the mantle sent down from the great bards of old? Have we no eyes to see the 'chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof?' Have we, in fine, no souls to drink in the inspiration which bounteous heaven has showered upon all men of all ages and climes? Let us not so believe. The fault is in ourselves. With the blush of shame and conscious inferiority upon our cheeks, at the unfeeling lash of a foreign reviewer, we have still turned a deaf ear to our own 'native wood-notes wild.' Instead of looking with a favorable eye upon our young aspirants for literary excellence, we have been too apt to turn upon them the face of cold and severe rebuke: and they, instead of holding on their way with undaunted energy, regardless of present praise and renown, and careful only to fulfil with zeal and courage the high purposes of their being, have idly suffered our censure, like a deadly spell, to benumb their faculties and chill their hearts. But if we do not encourage and foster the talent of our youth, what right have we to look for the ripe fruit of

maturity ? It is a common but injurious notion, that young men should be cautious of publishing before a certain period of supposed excellence in mental cultivation : before the mind becomes subject to severe self-control under the discipline of the world. But we are far from thinking so. There are certain subjects, indeed, asking a knowledge to be acquired only by long continued and judicious observation : but that man will not, probably, be eminent in literature at forty, who could think nothing worth telling through a score of summers. At this first blush of manhood, the young poet does not and ought not to wield worldly maxims for his weapons : he knows nothing of their use in the social system and cares little for their value. * Poetry is with him but an overflowing gush from a heart-spring of noble and generous thoughts and nicely-toned sensibilities. But he has not lived without much of that communion which must make us wiser. He has conversed most with himself. He has thought, long and frequently, of the secret springs of his own impulses,—of the wild play of human passion,—of the emotions of heart,—of the capacity of mind,—till startled and bewildered in speculations, which have astonished the very wisest, he has gone out amongst the “ liberal elements,” to ask of Nature to unravel the mystery, and she was herself a marvel. 7 But she, bountiful forever, has poured at his feet the glorious current of tumbling rivers ; shown him the gorgeous drapery of autumnal forests and the broad verdure of green fields. He has looked on the blue distant hills and felt that they were his ; and the song of birds was his own, and the tremendous ocean, with its terrible foam, or calm and golden with departing glory ; and the jewelled ether and the revolving brightness of the silent course of Night. And he has then sought the companionship of books ; the converse of those unchanging friends, whose silent but eloquent thoughts, whose soothing and comfortable welcome are ever at his command. He has read of the times, when monarchs loved to tune the lyre ; when the valiant champion did his *devoir* none the worse, because he could frame a tender lay to his *ladye-love* ; when poets, by their songs, raised woman from her state of savage degradation in a barbarous age and gave her her rightful place in the scale of being : he has gone back still farther, and thought of the days when the best and the wisest,—the magnificent and mighty princes of the house of Israel, drank large inspiration at Siloa’s fount and sung the high praises of God, to the psaltery and harp. X And so, rich in an unbounded treasury of thoughts and affections, he goes out into the world, with life before him, lovely as a summer’s day, with a fresher morning about him than the hackneyed world ever saw,—and then, may be, one

beautiful vision fades, and another follows its fellow, till nothing but the light of common day lingers around his darkened mind. But it is while *the vision* is still upon him ; before the flush of ardent enthusiasm has vanished, that he should pour forth those generous sentiments, whose office it is to refine and purify our nature ; which men read, and, with softened hearts, forget for a while their hatred, their envying and their strife, and mingle with kinder feelings with their fellows in the common lot. Many faults of style there will, no doubt, be ; many crude conceits ; many hasty and ill-digested thoughts, at a period, when he has not yet learned to weigh opinions, or acquired sufficient severity of taste and strength of determination, to reject false and glittering ornament. But it is while this child-like simplicity is still in his mind, that the boy should exercise his power to instruct men ; to bring them back, from the toil and care and bustle of life, to pure and pleasant things, which they had there forgotten. It is then that he must dwell upon those thoughts which will be to him a foundation whereon higher and better things shall arise.

Above all, let not the young poet despair, because all his fanciful visions are not in a moment realized. If, with high mind and a warm heart, he is true to whatever is worthy and excellent in life, true to his own nature, true to Truth herself, he need not fear but he will find "audience fit though few," in his own life, and glorious renown in after times. Neither let him complain that there are no themes to excite his mind and employ his powers : To one who thus thinks, there are none. But let him celebrate the valiant and noble deeds of great and virtuous men and nations, triumphing or falling in a good cause. Let him tune his harp to the praise of brave people everywhere, struggling for freedom, or standing up manfully to keep the destroyer and polluter from their fathers' hearths and the altars of God. Let him take his station, as he should do, in the van of an advancing age, and raise the triumphal song to future intellectual and moral improvement, or, if so it must needs be, with the prophetic fervor of ancient bards, foretell the mournful history of political degradation. The character of man in all ages is a fertile theme for the sounding lyre : or if its strings are tuned to gentler strains, let him play upon the thousand exquisite chords, which thrill about a woman's heart. That unlooked-for strength and fortitude, which, in times of trouble and danger, has sustained the frailest and most lovely beings, who ever shrunk from the cooler breeze that could scarcely have twirled the slightest forest-leaf ; a mother's infinite love ; a maiden's high-souled devotedness, and that almost superhuman pride, when scorn has once estranged her from the

lord of her affections. Let him cultivate an unadulterated and enthusiastic love of nature, and she will well repay him from an illimitable treasury of joy and affection: let him not check, for the world's sneer, any free and generous enthusiasm: and, loving the visible world ardently, for this is the very life and light of a poet's visions, and will throw over them a spring-like joyousness and freshness, let him not forbear to cherish a devotion to books, remembering that the greatest poets have generally been amongst the most learned men of their age: such were Chaucer, and Spenser, Jonson and Milton, Dryden and Pope; such are Southey and Coleridge; and such was Shelley, and, in a less degree, such was Byron. Let him remember that Sir Walter Scott is a profound student, and that Mr. Moore is prouder of his Greek than of Lalla Rookh. Neither let him fear, what some have said, that the day of poetry has gone by, and that he will want readers. This cannot be, while there is a hue of melancholy on any spirit or a spring of joy in any heart. The sailor thrills on the bounding sea; the solitary student revels in the luxury of grief; the husbandman gladdens in the freshness of spring. All these are poetical: and the day-break scattering the silence of darkness; the descending splendor of evening; the gray twilight; the array of night; hill and valley, stream and forest, flower and ocean; whatever is noble in the history of thought; whatever is lovely and melancholy in the story of life.

Who need fear to push his bark, if it be laden with the riches of heart and nature, upon such an abounding ocean of sympathies?

SAPPHO AT LEUCAS.

Look where she moves! a fixed despair
 Seems pictured in that frantic air,
 As now her eye she casts around,
 Now wildly views the drear profound,—
 And now, with quickening step and light,
 Full madly tempts the headlong height:
 While lifted by the evening breeze
 Which sweeps the brightly crested seas,—
 Alike disordered with her mind,
 Her dark locks float upon the wind.

She stops—she pants—with fond desire
 She eyes her long neglected lyre;
 Then, sighing o'er its golden strings
 Her eager hand in haste she flings.

She lists ! but ah, its soothing powers
Seem to have fled with happier hours ;
Yet passion fires her phrenzied soul
As down her cheek the tear-drops roll :
And as her fingers fly along,
The sounds flow mournful as her song.

‘ Bright god of day ! refulgent sun !
Thy glorious course will soon be run ;
Yet thou, in awful beauty, there
Dost every mortal’s homage share.
Ah ! what if thou thy face shouldst veil,
And envious night awhile prevail ?—
Thou with the morrow’s dawn shalt rise
The lord again of earth and skies :
In youth, forever free from change,
Still through ethereal fields to range.

‘ But I, alas ! may hope in vain
To see the blushing morn again :
For me in vain thy golden light
Shall dissipate the shades of night,—
And, vainly gleaming from the west,
In glory all the heavens invest.
I go where thy benignant ray
Ne’er beamed upon the darkling way ;
Where none may feel the zephyr’s breath—
Where love’s bright torch is quenched in death !

‘ Farewell, O earth ! so green and gay ;
Farewell to thee, sweet light of day !
And, as ye vanish from my view,
Ye vales, ye twilight bowers, adieu !—
Dear haunts where love fresh garlands wove,
While only whispers filled the grove.
And thou that once by turns couldst fire,
Couldst melt or soothe, enchanting lyre,—
Thou of Apollo, boon divine !—
With thee I every joy resign.

‘ He too, who in a hapless hour
Saw but to make me feel his power,
He too shall know what ’tis to scorn,
And leave the youthful heart forlorn ;
Some rose-cheeked nymph shall charm his eye,
And wake anon the unconscious sigh ;
And when he feels the trembling joy
Indignantly shall spurn the boy :
Who doom’d, like me, to grief a prey,
In flower of youth shall fade away.

' O dream perverse!—Immortal powers!
 Be his bright pathway strewn with flowers,—
 And his young radiant brow entwin'd
 With myrtle of unfading kind;
 But let the god of soft desires
 Kindle for him his holiest fires!
 Haply when he my fate shall learn,
 And Pity points him to my urn,—
 One tear for me may yet be shed,
 And Phaon mourn his Sappho dead!'

She ceased: the frantic thought, the name
 O'erpowered at once her trembling frame.
 As if by all of earth forsook,
 To heaven she cast one piteous look;
 The lyre which in her arms remained,
 Now with convulsive grasp was strained:
 From her young cheek the rose had fled—
 Love, hope, and joy, alike were dead—
 She reeled, she fell, with woes opprest,
 And in the wild waves sunk to rest?

x.

REVIEW.

A YEAR IN SPAIN. *By a Young American.* Boston: Hilliard, Gray,
 Little & Wilkins. 1829.

A well written and circumstantial account of a country so full of interest, and, what is strange, so seldom visited by travellers, as Spain, must, we are sure, be an acceptable offering to the public. Peculiarly so now that much attention is beginning to be paid to its language, and great interest is felt in its institutions and circumstances; more especially, when our distinguished countryman, Irving, has just brought out some of its ancient and gallant annals, from the dust and darkness of time, and thrown upon them the light of his own beautiful language and playful imagination.

Notwithstanding the stern bigotry of a mistaken and gloomy creed, made infinitely worse by craft and tyranny, and their necessarily attendant evils, ignorance and vice; which such concomitants seldom fail to spread over the surface of society,—the very name of Spain comes upon one at all conversant with its history, attended with thrilling emotions and associations. Perhaps there is no land under

heaven, whose history excites so many feelings of romantic interest. We have loved to think of the manly pride and honor, to a proverb, of the old nobles of Castile and Arragon, and the lofty bearing and high courage of its haughty but generous *Hidalgos*. Often cold in outward manner, but full of fierce passion and latent enthusiasm, we believe no nation has exhibited in the field more splendid instances of unshrinking bravery or adventurous daring: from the times, when for hundreds of years they provoked and sustained the furious onset of a half barbarous and warlike people, whose trade was blood, and to whom the war-shout was the very breath of life, till they drove them from their shores at the lance's point; from fatal Pavia, where the chivalry of France quailed at the fierce charge, and *Dennis Montjoye* was drowned in the war-cry of *Iago!* and close, *Spain!* down to our recollections of

——— Saragossa's ruin'd streets
And brave Gerona's deathful story,—

where can history point out more brilliant examples of lofty courage and undaunted resolution? The moonlight that lingers on the Alhambra's time-worn but magnificent walls,—the golden sands of the Tagus,—the abounding beauty of the rolling Guadalquivir;—her impassable mountains, her mighty forests, her vineyards and olive groves, and the twilight music of her light guitar, gaily sounding to the graceful movement of

——— many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;—

more than this, the rich and glorious beauty of her dark-eyed daughters;—how many romantic incidents, how many pleasant dreams does the name of Spain awaken?

Her fascinating literature, too, so full of humorous description, of poetic incident, and of brilliant invention;—her ballads, now, mournfully deploring the fall of some heroic chief or splendid city; now, in bolder numbers, recounting the story of successful resistance of their Moorish assailants, or of some daring foray upon these spirited and restless neighbors; and now, in more graceful strains, uttering the tender pleadings and reproaches of devoted passion; above all, those friends of our boyhood, who have grown dearer to us through every step of advancing manhood, Sancho and his master,—*Rosinante* and *Dapple*,—for every one of whom we entertain too great respect to feel the full ridicule of their adventures;—we cannot help loving them all. But our recollections detain the reader too long from the author. The following is a pleasing description of the dress of the inhabitants in a small town on the frontiers.

"The little village of Tordera lay just beyond the bank of the stream, and its whole population had come out to the corner of the last house, to witness our simultaneous arrival. It happened to be Sunday, and, as I have sometimes fancied is apt to be the case, it brought with it a bright sunshine and a cloudless sky. The inhabitants, in consideration of the day and the weather, were decked in their gayest, furnishing me with a first and most favorable occasion of seeing something of the Catalans and of their costume. The men were of large stature, perfectly well made and very muscular; but there seemed something sinister in their appearance, partly produced by the length and shagginess of their hair and the exaggerated cast of their countenances; partly, by the graceless character of their costume. It consisted of a short jacket and waistcoat of green or black velvet, scarce descending half way down the ribs, and studded thickly with silver buttons, at the breasts, lappels, and sleeves; the trowsers of the same material, or of nankeen, being long, full, and reaching from the ground to the arm-pits. Instead of shoes, they wore a hempen or straw sandal, which had a small place to admit and protect the toes, and a brace behind with cords, by means of which it was bound tightly to the instep. Their dark-tanned and sinewy feet, seemed strangers to the embarrassment of a stocking, whilst their loins were girt with a sash of red silk or woollen. This article of dress, unknown among us, is universally worn by the working classes of Spain, who say that it keeps the back warm, sustains the loins, and prevents lumbago; in short, that it does them a great deal of good, and that they would be undone without it. Most of the young men had embroidered ruffles, and collars tied by narrow sashes of red or yellow silk; some displayed within their waistcoat a pair of flashy suspenders of green silk, embroidered with red and adjusted by means of studs and buckles of silver. The most remarkable article, however, of this singular dress, and by no means the most graceful, was a long cap of red woollen, which fell over behind the head, and hung a long way down the back, giving the wearer a look of a cut-throat. Whether from the association of the *bonnet rouge*, or some other prejudice, or from its own intrinsic ugliness, I was not able, during my short stay in Catalonia, to overcome my repugnance to this detestable head-gear.

"As for the women, some of them were dressed in a gala suit of white, with silk slippers covered with spangles; but more wore a plain black frock, trimmed with velvet of the same color. They were generally bare-headed, just as they had come from their dwellings; a few, returning perhaps from mass, had fans in their hands, and on their heads the *mantilla*. The Spanish *mantilla* is often made entirely of lace, but more commonly of black silk, edged with the more costly material. It is fastened above the comb, and pinned to the hair, thence descending to cover the neck and shoulders, and ending in two embroidered points which depend in front. These are not confined, but left to float about loosely; so that, with the ever moving fan, they give full employment to the hands of the lady, whose unwearied endeavors to conceal her neck furnishes a perpetual proof of her modesty. Though in former times, the female foot was doomed in Spain to scrupulous concealment, to display it is now no longer a proof of indecency. The frock had been much shortened among these fair Catalans, each of whom exhibited a well turned ancle, terminated in a round little foot, neatly shrouded in a thread stocking, with a red, a green, or a black slipper. They were besides of graceful height and figure, with the glow of health deep upon their cheeks, and eyes that spoke a burning soul within. There was much of the grace, and ease, and fascination of the Provencelle, with a glow and luxuriance enkindled by a hotter sun." pp. 19, 20.

The author states in a note to p. 30, to which we refer the reader, the singular fact, that a steam engine was used in Barcelona, for the purpose of propelling vessels, as early as the year 1543: and shortly after, p. 47. he gives a shocking story of the robbery of their *diligence* and an attempted murder of the conductors. At which interesting but unenviable scene, had we been present, without means of defence,

certainly all our romance would have oozed out at the ends of our fingers. Our traveller, however, proceeds with unabated courage.

After a journey, replete with various and more pleasant incidents, he arrives at Madrid, and, amongst other things worthy of note, visits the museum of statuary and painting, which obtains his great and, as it seems, deserved eulogy. The author shall here speak for himself.

"The Spanish school is chiefly celebrated among painters for perfection of perspective and design, and the vivid and natural carnation of its coloring. One of the first painters who became celebrated in Spain was Morales, who began his career about the time that Raphael's was so prematurely closed, in the early part of the sixteenth century, and whose heads of Christ have merited him the surname of Divine. Morales was a native of Estremadura, but the art in which he so greatly excelled made more rapid progress in the city of Valencia, where a kindly soil and a kindlier sky seem to invite perfection. Juan de Juanes is considered the father of the Valencian school, which in the beginning was in imitation of the Italian, but which afterwards assimilated itself to the Flemish, and to the manner of Rembrandt and Vandyke; until, under the name of the school of Seville, the Spanish painters had acquired a distinctive character.

"Under Ribera, better known at home and abroad by the singular surname of Espanioleto, the Valencian school attained the highest perfection. The subjects of Espanioleto are chiefly Bible scenes, taken indifferently from the Old or New Testament; but his most successful efforts have been the delineation of scenes of suffering and sorrow, such as are abundantly furnished by the lives of our Saviour and the saints. In describing the extremes of human misery, a macerated wretch, reclining upon a bed of straw in the last agony of starvation or infirmity, he is perhaps unequalled; and he has been able to give such a relief to the perspective, such a reality to the coloring, that the deception, at a first glance, is often irresistible. Indeed, my memory became so strongly impressed with some of his pieces, that I can still call them up at will in all their excellence. Espanioleto was, however, a gloomy painter, giving to his works the sad coloring which he borrowed from the religion of his day, a religion which was fond of calling up reflections of despondency, and thinking only of Christ as the bleeding and the crucified.

"Another great painter, who, like Espanioleto, flourished at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was Diego Velasquez. Velasquez is sometimes an imitator of his great cotemporary; at others, his style is materially different, and he is generally allowed to be superior to Espanioleto in correctness of style and fertility of invention. His portraits, for furnishing accurate representations of individuals, are perhaps superior to those of Titian and Vandyke. They are not, indeed, highly wrought, but have about them the strong strokes of a master.

"Bartholomew Murillo, who, like Velasquez, was born in Seville, studied at Madrid under the direction of his countryman, and never travelled out of Spain. There is in his manner all the correctness of Velasquez; all his truth to nature, which he seems to have studied thoroughly, and at the same time a more perfect finish, and a warmth and brilliancy of coloring to which his pencil was a stranger. Nothing indeed can be so true and palpable as Murillo's scenes of familiar life, nothing so sweet and heavenly as the features and expression of his Virgins. Murillo brought the school of Seville, or more properly of Spain, to the height of its glory. He seems to have combined the excellences of Vandyke and Titian, the truth of the one, and the warm carnation of the other; and though Raphael be looked on by painters and connoisseurs as the most perfect of known artists, yet if the chief excellence of the imitative art consists in showing nature, not as it ought to be, but as it is, and in producing momentary deception, this excellence belongs to none so entirely as to Murillo.

"The decline of painting throughout Europe during the past century, has likewise extended itself to Spain, with, however, some honorable exceptions, such as Bayeu in the past century, and Mailla and Lopez in the present. The latter is a living artist, whose portraits are admirable." pp. 111, 112.

The author gives, on p. 130, an interesting account of the Spanish dance, the *bolero*, a story connected with which we shall quote, to show the danger of exposing ourselves to unnecessary temptation.

"The holy see, it appears, being incited by the solicitude of the Spanish clergy, to attempt the reformation of public morals in Spain, issued a decree forbidding the exhibition of bull-fights, and sent a Roman bull to drive all the Spanish ones out of the arena. This triumph paved the way for another. The *fandango* was presently attacked in form, as having a tendency to excite unchaste desires, and to promote sensuality. But as the reverend consistory of cardinals was too just to pass sentence unheard, even upon the *fandango*, a couple were brought before the grave assemblage to exhibit the character of their dance. The dancers made their appearance in the usual costume, took out their castanets, raised their voices, and commenced the *fandango*. The venerable fathers first received them with the moderate look of sages, determined to bear in patience and decide justly. When the dance began, however, they contracted their brows and looked on frowningly, as if each would conceal his own secret satisfaction. But at last nature overcame dissimulation, their hearts warmed, their countenances brightened, and, slinging their long hats and skullcaps at each other, they began to caper over the floor in vain imitation of the *fandango*."

After a variety of perils, (which, contrary to the custom of most travellers, do not seem to put him at all out of humor with the country) and after much apparent enjoyment, the author takes leave of Spain.

We had marked some minor errors in his classical allusions and use of language, such for instance as, 'he *pacified* Spain,' for *pacificated*; 'hence it is that we have so many Hercules,' instead of 'so many of the name of Hercules:' and below, he speaks of '*the eleven* labors of Hercules; the slaughter of the Geryons being one of them;' unless he means to convey the idea that the slaughter of the Geryons made up the twelve; which the construction of the sentence does not allow. p. 308. These, however, are unquestionably faults of carelessness, for the book is generally written in a good and easy style. If we had space, we would gladly spend more time upon it, but can safely recommend it to our readers, as a well written and entertaining work. We shall close with the author's concluding remarks:

"It would seem that there is much chance of a revolution in Spain at some future day, and that when it arrives it is likely to be terrible. But when it shall have passed, with a fearful, yet regenerating hand, over this ill-fated country, removing the abused institutions and unjust privileges which have borne so long and so hardly upon her, and she shall have passed, as France has done, through the various ordeals of spurious liberty and military despotism, intelligence may have a chance to creep in, and the people may at length turn their attention to the enjoyment of life and the development of their resources. Nature has been most kind to Spain. Her bowels teem with every valuable production, her surface is everywhere spread with fertility; a kindly sun shines forth in furtherance of the universal benignity; her almost insular situation at the extremity of Europe releases her from the dangers of aggression; and whilst the ocean opens on one hand a convenient high road to the most distant nations of the earth, the Mediterranean on the other facilitates her communications with the rich countries that enclose it. Her coasts, too, indented with finer ports than are elsewhere seen, and her waters, not deformed by those fearful storms, which cover more northern seas with wrecks and ruin; all, in connexion with her internal wealth, furnish

the happiest adaptation to commercial pursuits. Thus, whilst her native riches and fertility make trade unnecessary to Spain, her situation enables her to pursue it with unequalled advantage. Surely where God has been thus good, man will not always remain ungrateful.

"In taking leave of Spain, may we not then indulge a hope, that, though her futurity looks threatening, ominous, and full of evil forebodings, the present century may yet see her safely through the storm, and leave her, as she deserves to be, rich, respected, and happy?"

BLACK BARBARY.

THE eastern gray is blending fast
With orange on the mountain height,
The misty clouds are hurrying past,
The stars are melting in the light :
I feel the air's delicious glow
Revive my heart and bathe my brow ;
The morning's unbought joys for me !—
I'll saddle soon black Barbary.

My beauteous mare ! whose bounding speed
Has never fail'd my utmost need ;—
Her tossing head and glancing eye
Own that she knows her master nigh.
With golden grain her crib I'll fill,
And water from the clearest rill,—
And then the far blue hills shall see
A gallant race, fleet Barbary !

Her graceful limbs and glossy hide,
Without a speck to mar its pride,—
Her silken tail of raven black,
That streams behind our hurried track,
Prouder than even Pacha bore,
'Mid charging hosts, his ranks before ;—
Her stamping foot,—how wild and free,—
How dear thou art, proud Barbary !

Wert thou an Arab's desert-steed,
To share his tent and serve his need,—
His wife's delight, his kinsmen's joy,
The playmate of his prattling boy,—
Scarce might an empire's wealth obtain
One lock of all thy floating mane ;—
And art thou not as dear to me,
My gentle, playful Barbary !

If I had wealth, I'd gladly deck
 With bells of gold thy arching neck ;
 But well I know thou carest less
 For gauds than for one dear caress,
 And friends like thee become not strange,
 Though clouds may lower, and fortunes change :
 Thy faith is firm,—thy love is free,—
 Thine eye unchang'd, true Barbary !

Thy brilliant eyes are wild as when
 We bore the battle's fiery brunt,
 Thy spreading nostrils wide as then,—
 As high thy starr'd and noble front :
 How would thy pricking ears rejoice
 To hear the trumpet's cheering voice !
 The winds of heaven are not more free
 Than thy fierce charge, brave Barbary !

Thy hoof is strong, thy step is sure,—
 We'll go as on the wild duck's wing ;—
 No *double-riding cares* endure*
 The magic of thy bounding spring :
 See, now she champs the bending bit,—
 My foot is on the stirrup set,—
 One bound,—and off,—away go we,
 I and my mare, good Barbary.

†

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It seems a brief month since we parted—less than a month since we agreed to be friends, courteous reader ! The old Chronicler strides on over these holiday seasons as if nothing could make him loiter. It may be a hallucination, but a winter's day, spite of the calendar, is as long to us as two summer ones. We do not feel the scene pass. There is no measure kept on our senses by its evenly told pulse. The damp morning and the silent noon, and the golden twilight come and go ; and if we breathe the freshness of the one, and sleep under the repose of the other, and gaze upon the beauties of the third, why, the end of existence seems answered. Labor is not in harmony with it.

* *Post equitem sedet atra cura.*—*Hor. Carmin. III. Od. i. 40.*
 But we fear Horace was no horseman, notwithstanding the "quick run" he had of it from Philippi, (*Car. II. Od. vii. 9, 10.*) when the "*relicta non bene parmula*" proves the old Roman not to have had sufficient cavalier spirit for a good and gallant rider.

The thought that disturbs a nerve is an intrusion. Life's rapid torrent loiters in a pool, and its bubbles all break and are forgotten. Indolence is the mother of philosophy and we "let the world slide." We think, with Rosseau, that "the best book does but little good to the world, and much harm to the author." We remember Colton's three difficulties of authorship, and Pelham's flattering unction to idleness, that "learning is the bane of a poet." The "mossy cell of Peace" with its

—— "dreams that move before the half shut-eye,
And its gay castles in the clouds that pass,"

is a very Eden, and, of all the flowers of the field, that which has the most meaning is your lily that "toils not, neither does it spin," and of all the herbs of the valley, the

"Yellow *lysimacha* that gives sweet rest,"

has the most medicinal balm. We are of the school of Epicurus. We no longer think the "judicious voluptuousness of Godwin dangerous. Like the witch of Atlas, we could "pitch our tent upon the plain of the calm Mere" and rise and fall forever to its indolent swell.

And speaking of idleness (we admire Mochingo's talent for digression—"Now thou speakest of immortality, how is thy wife, Andrew") one of our pleasantest ways of indulging that cardinal virtue is by an excursion to Nahant. Establishing ourselves unostentatiously (we hope our lampooning friend will not object to the phrase) upon the windward quarter of the boat, to avoid the vile volatile oils from the machinery—Shelley in one hand, perhaps, or Elia, or quaint Burton—(English editions, redolent in Russia, and printed as with types of silver)—with one of these, we say, to refresh the eye and keep the philosophic vein breathing freely, the panorama of the bay passes silently before our eye—*island after island, sail after sail*, like the conjurations of a magic mirror. And this is all quiet, let us tell you—all in harmony with the Socratic humor—for the reputable steamer *Ousatonic* (it distresses us daily that it was not spelt with an H) is none of your fifteen-milers—none of your high-pressure cut-waters, driving you through the air, breathless with its unbecoming velocity, and with the fear of the boiler before your eyes—but with a dignified moderation, consistent with a rational doubt of the integrity of a copper kettle and a natural abhorrence of hot water, she glides safely and softly over her half dozen miles an hour, and lands you, cool and good-humored, upon the rocky peninsula, for a consideration too trifling to be mentioned in a well-bred period. And then if the Fates will us an agreeable com-

panion, (we wish we had time to describe our *beau-ideal*) how delightful, as Apple Island is neared with its sweep of green banks and its magnificent elms—every foot of its tiny territory green and beautiful—how delightful, to speculate upon the character of its eccentric occupant, and repeat the thousand stories told of him, and peer about his solitary cottage to catch a glimpse of his erect figure, and draw fanciful portraits of his daughter, who, the world says, for the sixteen years of her sweet life has had only the range of those limited lawns which she may ramble over in an hour—and, as the boat glides by, to watch the fairy isle sleeping, if the bay is calm, with its definite shadow, and looking like a sphere, floating past in the air, covered with luxuriant verdure. It is but a brief twelve miles to Nahant, and the last four stretch out beyond the chain of islands, upon the open sea. To a city-bred eye and fancy there is a refreshing novelty, added to the expanding influence of so broad a scene, which has in it a vigorous and delightful stimulus. The mind gets out of its old track. The background of the mental picture is changed, and it affects the whole. The illimitable sky and water draw out the imagination to its remotest link, and the far apart and shining sails, each covering its little and peculiar world, and sped with the thousand hopes of those for whom its lonely adventurers are tracking the uncertain sea, win on the mind to follow them upon their perilous way and breathe for them the “God speed” of unconscious interest. It is a beautiful and magic sight, to see them gliding past each other on their different courses, impelled by the same invisible wind, now dark with shadow, and now turning full to the light, and specking the horizon, like white birds careering along the edge of its definite line. The sea grows upon you as you see it more. The disappointment felt at first in its extent wears away, as you remember its vast stretch under those blue depths, which your eye cannot search; and the waste of its “untrampled floor,” and the different depths, at which the different spoils of the sunk ships have balanced and hung, and the innumerable tribes who range their own various regions of pressure, from the darkest caverns to the thin and lighted chambers at its surface, all come step by step upon the mind, and crowd it with a world of wondering speculation. It is delightful to us to sit with the agreeable companion we spoke of, and with the green waves heaving about us, to indulge in these wayward and unprofitable imaginations. It is a splendid range for a wild-winged thought—that measureless sea! We love to talk of its strange mysteries. We love to go down with one who will not check us with cold objections, and number and shape out its inhabitants. With such a fellow-wanderer, we have found palaces that surpass Aladdin's,

and beings to whom the upper and uncondensed water has a suffocating thinness. But these are idle speculations to the world's eye, gentle reader, and we will reserve them for your private ear. We will go some summer afternoon, and talk them over together on the deck of that same deliberate steamer. You have no idea how many things are untold of the deep sea—how many dreams of it an idler man than yourself will weave out of its green depths in his after-dinner musings.

A volume of Shelley's Posthumous Poems lies in the honored niche of our Table. Beautiful as Shelley's poetry is, it has never been republished in this country, and though his name is universal, his productions are comparatively unknown. One of the first steps towards a better acquaintance, is a confession of propensities, and as Shelley is at present a passion with us, with your leave, gentle reader, we will make you partially acquainted. We do not mean to give a criticism just here upon his style. We will do it more at length hereafter; but for the present, we will introduce a fragment or two, with a single remark—that Shelley has *written* as if he had never *read* poetry. It seems with him the essay of a new and original power—startling even to himself—and gathering its material, without guidance, by an intuitive analogy and selection. It is all new, and vivid, and strong. One of the least original of his pieces, but, at the same time, a very beautiful one is the following:

“WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.”

“THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light.
* * * *

Around are unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

“I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the wave upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

“Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,

And walked with inward glory crowned—
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see, whom these surround—
 Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;—
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

“ Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are ;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have born and yet must bear,
 Till death-like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

“ Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan ;
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.”

The Posthumous Poems open with a somewhat long narrative, entitled “Julian and Maddalo.” The latter is a maniac who is visited in his confinement by Count Julian and the author, and is thus described :—

“ Having said
 These words, we called the keeper, and he led
 To an apartment opening on the sea.—
 There the poor wretch was sitting mournfully
 Near a piano, his pale fingers twined
 One with the other ! and the ooze and wind
 Rushed thro' an open casement, and did sway
 His hair, and starred it with the brackish spray ;
 His head was leaning on a music book,
 And he was muttering, and his lean limbs shook ;
 His lips were pressed against a folded leaf
 In hue too beautiful for health, and grief
 Smiled in their motions as they lay apart,
 As one who wrought from his own fervid heart
 The eloquence of passion : soon he raised
 His sad meek face, and eyes lustrous and glazed,
 And spoke,—sometimes as one who wrote and thought
 His words might move some heart that heeded not,
 If sent to distant lands ;—and then as one
 Reproaching deeds never to be undone,
 With wondering self-compassion ;—then his speech
 Was lost in grief, and then his words came each
 Unmodulated and expressionless,—
 But that from one jarred accent you might guess
 It was despair made them so uniform :
 And all the while the loud and gusty storm
 Hissed thro' the window, and we stood behind,
 Stealing the accents from the envious wind,
 Unseen.”

The 'Witch of Atlas' is a purely imaginative poem of some seventy stanzas. Some of its descriptions are among the most exquisite things we remember :—

" A LOVELY lady garmented in light
From her own beauty—deep her eyes, as are
Two openings of unfathomable night
Seen through a tempest's cloven roof—her hair
Dark—the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,
Picturing her form ; her soft smiles shone afar,
And her low voice was heard like love, and drew
All living things towards this wonder new.

" For she was beautiful : her beauty made
The bright world dim, and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade :
No thought of living spirit could abide,
Which to her looks had ever been betrayed,
On any object in the world so wide,
On any hope within the circling skies,
But on her form, and in her inmost eyes.

" Which, when the lady knew, she took her spindle
And twined three threads of fleecy mist, and three
Long lines of light, such as the dawn may kindle
The clouds, and waves, and mountains with, and she
As many starbeams, ere their lamps could dwindle
In the belated moon, wound skilfully ;
And with these threads a subtile veil she wove—
A shadow for the splendor of her love.

" The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
Were stored with magic treasures—sounds of air
Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
Folded in cells of crystal silence there ;
Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
Will never die—yet ere we are aware,
The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
And the regret they leave remains alone.

" And there lay visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,
Each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis ;
Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint,
With the soft burthen of intensest bliss ;
It is its work to bear to many a saint
Whose heart adores the shrine which holiest is,
Even Love's—and others white, green, grey and black,
And of all shapes—and each was at her beck.

" And odors in a kind of aviary
Of ever blooming Eden-trees she kept,
Clipt in a floating net, a lovesick fairy
Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yet slept ;
As bats at the wired windows of a dairy,
They beat their vans ; and each was an adept,
When loosed and missioned, making wings of winds,
To stir sweet thoughts or sad in destined minds.

" And liquors clear and sweet, whose healthful might
 Could medicine the sick soul to happy sleep,
 And change eternal death into a night
 Of glorious dreams—or if eyes needs must weep,
 Could make their tears all wonder and delight,
 She in her crystal vials did closely keep :
 If men could drink of those clear vials 'tis said
 The living were not envied of the dead.

" This lady never slept, but lay in trance
 All night within the fountain—as in sleep.
 Its emerald crags glowed in her beauty's glance :
 Through the green splendor of the water deep
 She saw the constellations reel and dance
 Like fire-flies—and withal did ever keep,
 The tenor of her contemplations calm,
 With open eyes, closed feet, and folded palm.

* * * * *

" The silver noon into that winding dell,
 With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,
 Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell ;
 A green and glowing light, like that which drops
 From folded lilies in which glow worms dwell,
 When earth over her face night's mantle wraps ;
 Between the severed mountains lay on high
 Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

* * * * *

" And where, within the surface of the river
 The shadows of the massy temples lie,
 And never are erased, but tremble ever
 Like things which every cloud can doom to die,
 Through lotus-pav'n canals, and wheresoever
 The works of man pierced that serenest sky
 With tombs, and towers, and fanes, 'twas her delight
 To wander in the shadow of the night.

" With motion like the spirit of that wind
 Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet
 Past through the peopled haunts of human kind,
 Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet,
 Through fane and palace court and lab'rinth min'd,
 With many a dark and subterranean street
 Under the Nile, through chambers high and deep,
 She past, observing mortals in their sleep.

" A pleasure sweet, doubtless, it was to see
 Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep :
 Here lay two sister-twins in infancy ;
 There, a lone youth, who in his dreams did weep ;
 Within, two lovers linked innocently
 In their loose locks which over both did creep
 Like ivy from one stem ;—and there lay calm
 Old age with snow bright hair and folded palm.

" And she saw princes couched under the glow
 Of sunlike gems ; and round each temple-court
 In dormitories ranged, row after row,
 She saw the priests asleep,—all of one sort,

For all were educated to be so.—

The peasants in their huts, and in the port
The sailors she saw cradled on the waves,
And the dead lulled within their dreamless graves.

“ She all those human figures breathing there
Beheld as living spirits—to her eyes
The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,
And often, through a rude and worn disguise,
She saw the inner form most bright and fair—
And then,—she had a charm of strange device,
Which murmured on mute lips with tender tone,
Could make that spirit mingle with her own.”

There are single passages of remarkable beauty to be found even in Shelley's faultiest productions. Here are two or three of them:—

“ Unpavillioned heaven is fair,
Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,
Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or, wan,
Climbs with diminished beams the azure steep;
Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
Piloted by the many wandering blast,
And the rare stars rush through them, dim and fast.”

“ Like the young moon
When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles in the crimson air.
And the invisible rain did ever sing
A silver music on the mossy lawn.”

“ Carved lamps and chalices, and vials which shone
In their own golden beams—each like a flower
Out of whose depths a fire-fly shakes his light
Under a cypress in a starless night.”

“ A haven, beneath whose translucent floor
The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably
———this haven
Was as a gem to copy Heaven engraven.”

“ A green and glowing light, like that which drops
From folded lilies in which glow worms dwell.”

“ And thou art far
Asia! who, when my being overflowed,
Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust.”

These are certainly exquisite passages, and you may mark them on every page. It is poetry of a peculiar and hitherto unfashionable school, but, if we are not much mistaken, the poetry of Shelley will take a high stand in the literature of the age. We will give one more extract to show his manner more distinctly.

“ Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,

Where, all the long and lone daylight,
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
 Which made terrible and dear,
 Swift be thy flight.

“ Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
 Star-inwrought !
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long sought !

“ When I arose and saw the dawn
 I sighed for thee ;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

“ Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 Wouldst thou me ?
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
 Murmured like a noontide bee ;
 Shall I nestle near thy side,
 Wouldst thou me ? And I replied
 No, not thee !

“ Death will come when thou are dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night,
 Swift be thine approaching flight
 Come soon, soon !”

The novelties in the literary world for the last month are few, and of that character which cannot come properly under the slight criticism of our Table. Devereux and Captain Hall are not gentlemen to be passed lightly by. The latter has come up to our expectation, and, we thank heaven, he is properly appreciated on both sides the water. We had the pleasure of travelling some distance with him both in Canada and the United States, and have seen his *modus operandi* in both to our heart's content. He certainly has the faculty of making himself disagreeable to his own countrymen, and ours in a very remarkable degree. We shall read his book again, and review it at leisure.

A virgin volume of our own, last and least, lies modestly on the extremest verge of our table. If the world were a candid world, we could take up that thin octavo and criticise it more justly than it ever will be criticised. It is a false notion that the writer is no judge of

his own book. Verses in manuscript and verses in print, in the first place, are very different things, and the mood of writing and the mood of reading what one has written, are very different moods. We do not know how it is with others, but we open our own volume with the same impression of strangeness and novelty that we do another's. The faults strike us at once, and so do the beauties, if there are any, and we read coolly in a new garb, the same things which upon paper, recalled the fever of composition, and rendered us incapable of judgment. As far as we can discover by other's experience and our own, no writer understands the phenomena of composition. It is impossible to realize, in reading, that which is, to him, impassioned, the state of feeling which produced it. His own mind is to himself a mystery and a wonder. The thought stands before him, visible to his outward eye, which he does not remember has ever haunted him. The illustration from nature is often one which he does not remember to have noticed—the trait of character or the peculiar pencilling of a line in beauty altogether new and startling. He is affected to tears or mirth, his taste is gratified or shocked, his fancy amused or his cares beguiled, as if he had never before seen it. It is his own mind, but he does not recognise it. He is like the peasant child taken and dressed richly; he does not know himself in his new adornments. There is a wonderful metamorphosis in print. The Author has written under strong excitement, and with a developement and reach of his own powers, which would amuse him were he conscious of the process. There are dim and far chambers in the mind which are never explored by reason. Imagination in her rapt frenzy wanders blindly there sometimes, and brings out their treasures to the light—ignorant of their value and almost believing that the dreams when they glitter are admired. There are phantoms which haunt the perpetual twilight of the inner mind, which are arrested only by the daring hand of an overwrought fancy, and like a deed done in a dream, the difficult steps are afterwards but faintly remembered. It is wonderful how the mind accumulates by unconscious observation—how the tint of a cloud, or the expression of an eye, or the betrayal of character by a word, will lie for years forgotten in the memory till it is brought out by some searching thought to its owner's wonder. The book which lies before us, in that fair print, has scarce a figure which we can trace to its source, or a feeling which we can remember to have nursed. We could criticise it, therefore, as well as another, if not, indeed (because it is after our own taste) far better. We have a great mind to do it as it is. It would at least be a new attempt in our innocent republic

of letters—but though the “judicious” might not “grieve,” the “unskilful” might “laugh,” and upon our own book with all our philosophy, we are, moderately sensitive.

We have written no preface, and with a simple dedication to the friend whom, of all we can number, we have most tried and trusted, we send it out upon the world. There is much in it which we would gladly recal—parts, we confess, upon which we are willing to trust our doubtful reputation. We have found the fabled “trumpet” a capricious thing—

“like a ring of bells
Whose sound the wind still alters,”

and our nerves are strung for any note from its faintest to its fullest. We do not deny that we have been swayed and benefitted even by the roughest criticism, though we sometimes have misgivings whether it was always a difference for the better. However that may be, we will dismiss our book and the subject, consoling ourselves, if we have exchanged peculiarity for popularity, with the assertion of Ugo Foscolo, that “even Petrarch felt bound to discharge the unfortunate duty of all writers by sacrificing his own taste to that of his cotemporaries.”

CHANTRY'S WASHINGTON.

Grave,—grand,—sublime!—thy simple majesty,
Dead Father of the people, still is here :
So, o'er a thralldom-shackled hemisphere
Did'st thou look forth, erewhile, and mad'st it Free.
The gorgeous East might send her kings to thee,
And throned monarchs sitting by the West
Might come to bow their faces, nor divest
Old hoary thrones of ancient dignity :
Lord of thyself, in strength severe of soul !
Thy form stands rescued from oblivion's dust,—
And, freedom's watchword now, from pole to pole,
Thy Name is with the wise, the brave, the just :
But thou did'st hold virtue and fame in fee,
And so, thy Glory, boundless and sublime,
Doth scorn the feeble limits of all time,
Wrought in the tissue of Eternity.

†

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

The London University, lately established on liberal principles, is in successful operation. Among its zealous and efficient patrons are some of the most eminent Whig statesmen and nobleman of the kingdom.

The exclusive friends of the Episcopal church are about to establish another literary seminary in the metropolis of England, to be called the King's College. They have lately held a meeting, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury presided, and the Bishops of Durham and London made addresses in favor of the plan. Large sums have already been subscribed for this object. The cost is estimated at £170,000, besides a library. The design of this institution is to educate the young men of London in the Episcopal faith and mode of worship. The university is favored by the Dissenters, but not exclusively so.—The Bishop of Durham said, in his address, that the accommodations for pupils in the old universities in England had lately been increased for three hundred additional ones; and still there was a demand for more room.

R. Watson, of London, has invented and proposed a plan for preventing vessels from foundering at sea. The invention is to have tubes of copper, or other suitable material, of a cylindrical form, with convex ends, to be hermetically sealed, to contain atmospheric air of sufficient quantity, according as the bulk of the vessel may be, to prevent her sinking, when, otherwise, she would inevitably be foundered, on filling with water. These tubes, Mr. Watson says, may be placed in spaces between the decks, or ribs, the shelf pieces, the planking and places below the decks, wherever they may be conveniently placed. Half cylinder form tubes may also be attached to the exterior of the vessel. The writer in a London paper, who speaks of this plan, thinks it would be effectual in keeping a vessel from sinking.

The last Edinburgh Review contains a long article on the principle, history and effects of the Catholic question. It is equal if not superior to any article which has appeared in that Review for a long time, although the writers are very able and learned men. Indeed, nothing has appeared on this highly interesting subject so powerful, so convincing, and so caustic. The voice of the enemies of the Catholic emancipation must be silenced forever. They will be ashamed, after this, to condemn it.

According to a late estimate of the number of mankind, there is about 735,000,000, which is 200,000,000 less than former estimates gave, which probably were too high. Of these,

386,000,000 are christians, 276,000,000 are pagans, and about 70,000,000 Mohammedans. There are said to be 193,000,000 protestants, 134,000,000 catholics, and 60,000,000 Greek church. This calculation gives more christians and fewer pagans than former ones.

For many years, such a deep and general complaint, on account of the unprofitableness of trade, and the embarrassments attending business of every kind, has not been heard, as at the present period. The commercial world is still, or laboring without the prospect of gain. The manufacturers can find no market for their products, and can hardly give them away. A portion of the world want to sell, but the rest are unable to buy. The farmer will merely not starve, but he cannot exchange his commodities for the luxuries or ornaments of life. This state of things is not confined to the south, or the north, or the west of our extensive country. It is not confined to this western continent. The old world is groaning under the same difficulties. The rich are making no profits, and the poor are starving. How long this state of things will continue, no one can tell. But many believe, and all hope, not very long.

New publications in England.—Bisco on the Acts of the Apostles; Allwood's Key to the Revelations; Life of John Locke, by Lord King; Diary and Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge, by his great grandson; History of Armenia from 2247, A. C. to 1780, A. D., translated from the original Armenian; Three Years in Canada; Anti-phrenology; The Book of the Boudoir, by Lady Morgan; The Chelsea Pensioners, by the author of the "Subaltern"; A Personal Narrative through Sweden, Norway and Denmark; Travels in Italy and Sicily; Memoirs of Central India; Travels from India to England; Travels in Arabia; Travels in North America, by Captain Basil Hall, in 1827 and 1828. This volume is published by Carey, Lea & Co., Philadelphia.—The Protestant Layman; The translation of J. Jahn's Hebrew Commonwealth, from the original German, has been lately republished in London. This translation was by Mr. Stowe, of Andover. It is not common for an American translation of a German or French work to be republished in England. If the translation is not credited to our countryman, it is uncandid and unjust.—The Present and Future Condition of the Jews; Vindication of Infant Baptism; Travels of Ibu Batuta, in 1320—1345, through north of Africa, Arabia, Syria, Persia, India, China, Mesopotamia and Natolia—translated by Professor Lee; Vindication of the Literary Character of Professor Porson; The Physiology and Physiognomy of the Present Inhabitants of Great Britain, with reference

to their Origin, as Goths and Celts; Analogy between the Natural and Spiritual World; Portraiture of a Christian Gentleman; The Present State of Hayti, its Laws, Religion, Commerce, Agriculture, &c.; Jesuitism and Methodism; Critical Record of Theological Literature, (proposed to be published in numbers;) Essay on Moral Freedom, including a review of the principles of Whithy and Edwards on Free-will, and of Dr. Brown's theory of Causation and Agency; The Age, a poem, after the manner, or rather in imitation of Cowper; Letters of Lord Chesterfield, from a MS. lately found, written in the time of Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne. The Memoirs of Mrs. Judson have been republished in London.—“Retirement,” a poem, just published in London.

The Paris Review, or *Revue Encyclopedique*, of April, gives an account of the most remarkable works in literature, the sciences, and the arts. It notices all the valuable publications in Germany and Italy, as well as in France and England. It contains several articles in the way of review, as well as on the sciences, politics, statistics, &c. The conductors of this periodical are said to be very learned men.

The British and Foreign Bible Society held its twenty-fifth anniversary in London, in May last, Lord Teignmouth in the chair. He is the first and only President of the Society, which was formed in 1804. This was a very interesting meeting. Speeches were made by several bishops, by Mr. Wilberforce, by a missionary who had been twenty years in India, by the Secretary of the Hibernian Bible Society, and by a gentleman who has been a missionary to the Jews. The speeches of Mr. Wilberforce, the Bishop elect of Calcutta, and the Irish gentleman were quite eloquent and impressive. The report states that 164,000 bibles, and 200,000 testaments were circulated last year; being 30,000 more than the year preceding. In a town in Wales, containing 1100 families, about 200 were destitute of the bible. Great have been the efforts of this society, and its success has been equal to the expectations of its most ardent friends. The Jews in some places on the continent of Europe discover a desire to read the New Testament.

A learned man, who has resided fourteen years at Pekin, has collected several Chinese MSS., very important to a history of China; but they relate to comparatively modern times.

Some curious oriental MSS. have lately been brought from the east to St. Petersburg by a Swedish traveller. They were collected in Turkey, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine and Egypt, and will be soon published with a French translation.

The Emperor of Russia has lately established a school at Odessa, for the study of the oriental languages.

A new translation of the bible into the Swedish language is preparing in that country.

A collection of Hungarian poems has been published at Vienna, with a German translation.

The Society of Antiquarians in Normandy have elected five distinguished members of the Antiquarian Society in Scotland into their association, and the Society in Scotland propose to elect an equal number of the learned Society in Normandy.

The present number of the Jews is supposed to be over three millions; about two millions of which are in Europe. These are chiefly in European Turkey, Russia, Poland, Prussia and Germany. In Turkey in Asia there are about 300,000.

The College at Schenectady is represented as being in a very prosperous state. The anniversary of commencement was on the 22d ultimo, when eighty-two young gentlemen were graduated. There are two other colleges in the state of New-York; but Union College has the largest number of scholars. The commencement at Columbia College, in the city of New-York, was on the 4th ult. and the number of graduates nineteen. The commencement at Washington College, Hartford, Conn., was celebrated on the 6th ult.

New Works in the United States.—Memoir of E. A. Holyoke, M. D.; Memoirs and Remains of Charles Pond, late a student in Yale College; Elements of Technology, by Professor Bigelow, M. D.—published by Hilliard, Gray & Co.; Thoughts on Domestic Education, by a Mother; Richelieu, a novel;—the two last are republications of English works. Wells & Lilly have republished the last volume of Hallam's Constitutional History of England.—A new periodical has lately appeared in England, with the title of Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, said to be conducted by gentlemen of great talents. The first and second number have been published.—“The Spirit of the Pilgrims” for September has been published.—“Winter Evenings,” being a series of American tales, published by Ash, Philadelphia, 12mo.—A number of the Southern Review was published on the first ultimo.—Devereux, a novel, by the author of Pelham and the Disowned, and a novel by the author of the Castilian, are published by Messrs. Harpers, New-York.—Just published by Littel & Co., Philadelphia, “The Hope of Immortality, imparted by revelation, transmitted by tradition, countenanced by reason, betrayed by philosophy, and established by the gospel.”